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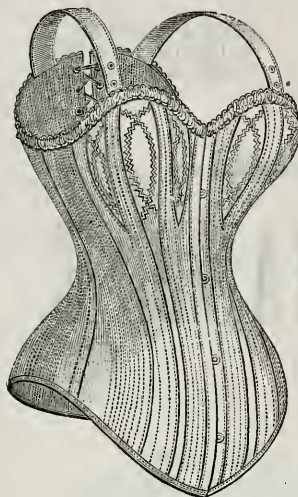
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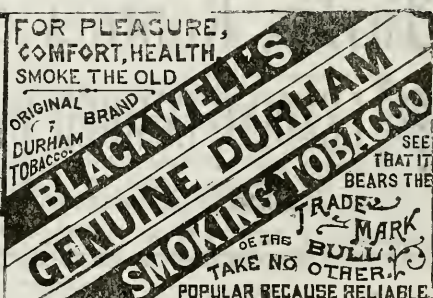
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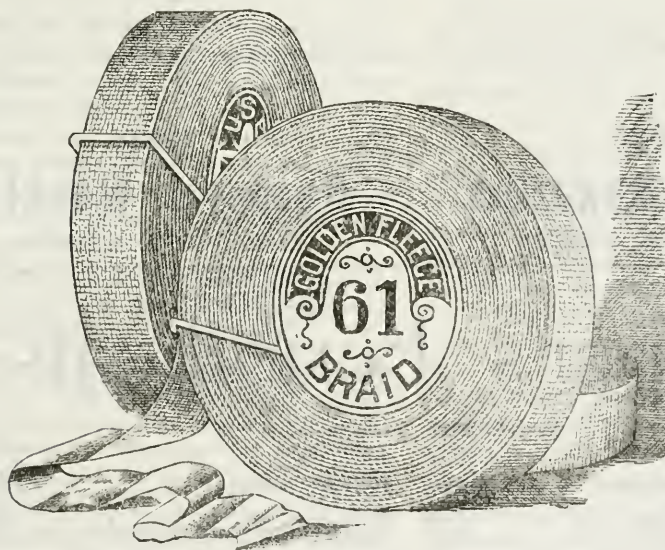
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No. 7.

LAWS AND GOVERNMENT.

THE broad law of the whole earth is, that every person has the right to enjoy every mortal blessing, so far as he does not infringe upon the rights and privileges of others.

In the sincere observance of the principles of true religion and virtue, we recognize the base, the only sure foundation of enlightened society and well-established government.

I am far from believing that any government upon this earth has constitutions and laws that are perfect.

There is no people on this earth, in a national capacity, but what have been operated upon to return to what they themselves, in their own government, have prepared the way to accomplish. That is the overruling hand of God in the midst of the people, whether they know it or not.

Individual self-government lies at the root of all true and effective government, whether in heaven or on earth.

A republican government, in the hands of a wicked people, must terminate in woe to that people; but in the hands of the righteous it is everlasting, while its power reaches into the heavens.

Parties in our government have no better idea than to think the republic stands all the firmer upon opposition; but I say that is not so. A republican government consists in letting the people rule by their united voice, without a dissension,—in learning what is for the best and unitedly doing it. That is true republicanism.

I like a good government, and then I

like to have it wisely and justly administered. The government of heaven, if wickedly administered, would become one of the worst governments on the face of the earth. No matter how good a government is, unless it is administered by righteous men, an evil government will be made of it. The Lord has his eyes upon all the kingdoms and nations of men, with their kings, governors and rulers, and he will sink the wicked to misery and woe, and we cannot help it.

The nation that is angry at the reproof and rebuke of the righteous proves that it is on the highway to ruin. * * * Monarchs on their thrones have taken unto themselves power to hold and control the destinies of the people over whom they reign, when suddenly death in some way has seized them, and their thrones have been left vacant for other aspirants to power and rule. When misuse of power has reached a certain stage, the divinity that is within the people asserts its right and they free themselves from the power of despotism. The nation that lifts itself up against God and rules in unrighteousness he will call to an account in his own way.

[Relative to the government of the United States and the relationship of the Latter-day Saints thereto, President Young held the views expressed in the following paragraphs.]

We are a people whose rise and progress from the beginning, has been the work of God our heavenly Father, which, in his wisdom, he has seen proper to commence for the re-establishment of his kingdom upon the earth. Still

further, we believe that the Lord has been preparing, when he should bring forth his work, when the set time should fully come, a place upon his footstool where sufficient liberty of conscience should exist, that his Saints might dwell in peace, under the broad panoply of constitutional law and equal rights. In this view we consider that the men in the revolution were inspired, by the Almighty, to throw off the shackles of the mother government, with her established religion. For this cause were Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, and a host of others inspired to deeds of resistance to the acts of the king of Great Britain, who might also have been led to those aggressive acts, for aught we know, to bring to pass the purposes of God, in thus establishing a new government upon a principle of greater freedom, a basis of self-government allowing the free exercise of religious worship. It was the voice of the Lord inspiring all those worthy men, who bore influence in those trying times, not only to go forth in battle, but to exercise wisdom in council, fortitude, courage and endurance in the tented field, as well as subsequently to form and adopt those wise and efficient measures which secured to themselves and succeeding generations the blessings of a free and independent government. This government so formed, has been blessed by the Almighty until she spreads her sails in every sea and her power is felt in every land.

The American government is second to none in the world in influence and power, and far before all others in liberal and free institutions. Under its benign influence the poor, down-trodden masses of the old world can find an asylum where they can enjoy the blessings of peace and freedom, no matter to what caste or religious sect they belong, or are disposed to favor, or whether they are disposed to favor any or none at all. It was in this government, formed by men inspired of God, although at the time they knew it not, after it was firmly established in the seat of power and influence, where liberty of conscience, and

the free exercise of religious worship were fundamental principles guaranteed in the Constitution, and interwoven with all the feelings, traditions and sympathies of the people, that the Lord sent forth his angel to reveal the truths of heaven as in times past, even as in ancient days. This should have been hailed as the greatest blessing, which could have been bestowed upon any nation, kindred, tongue or people. It should have been received with hearts of gratitude and gladness, praise and thanksgiving.

To accuse us of being unfriendly to the government is to accuse us of hostility to our religion, for no item of inspiration is held more sacred with us than the Constitution under which she acts. As a religious society, we, in common with all other denominations, claim its protection; whether our people are located in the other states or territories, as thousands of them are, or in this territory, it is held as a shield to protect the dearest boon of which man is susceptible—his religious views and sentiments.

The government of the United States has never engaged in a crusade against us as a people,* although she has remained silent, or refused us, when appealed to for redress of grievances. She has permitted us to be driven from our own lands, for which she had taken our money, and that too with her letters patent in our hands, guaranteeing to us peaceable possession. She has calmly looked on and permitted one of the fundamental and dearest provisions of the Constitution to be broken; she has permitted us to be driven and trampled under foot with impunity. Under these circumstances I ask what course is left us to pursue? I answer, that, instead of seeking to destroy the very best government in the world, as seems to be the fears of some, we, like all other good citizens, should seek to place those men

* This was delivered in Feb. 18, 1855; That was before the disgraceful "Johnston's Army" episode in 1857-58; and of course before the unrighteous and unhallowed crusade by the government of late years.

in power, who will feel and realize the important trusts reposed in them by the voice of the people, who call them to administer law under the solemn sanction of an oath of fidelity to that heaven-inspired instrument, to the inviolate preservation of which we look for the perpetuity of our free institutions.

Our friends want to know our feelings towards this government. I answer, they are first rate, and we will prove it too, as you will see if you only live long enough, for that we shall live to prove it is certain; and when the Constitution of the United States hangs, as it were upon a single thread, they will have to call for the Mormon Elders to save it from utter destruction; and they will step forth and do it. We love the Constitution of our country; it is all we could ask; though in some few instances there might be some amendments made which would better it. We love the federal government and the laws of Congress. There is nothing in those laws that in the least militates against us,* not even to our excluding common law from this Territory. I can inform our lawyers who plead at the bar, that the Congress of the United States have passed laws giving us the privilege of excluding common law at our pleasure, and that too without any violation of the Constitution, or general statutes. They have also given us the privilege to stop drunkenness, swearing and gambling, and to prevent horse racing, and to punish men for hunting and robbing each other. The Constitution of the United States, and the whole federal government, in their acts, have given us this privilege.

There are thousands of things I would like to name with regard to ourselves and our government. Our whole interest is in it; we cling to it like a sucking child to its mother's breast, and we will hang to it until they beat us off, until we can hang to it no longer, and this will never happen, unless they drive us from it under the pretext of what Mormonism is going to do.

It was observed * * * that the

* February 18, 1855.

government of the United States was the best, or most wholesome one on the earth, and the best adapted to our condition. That is very true. And if the constitution of the United States, and the laws of the United States, and of the several States, had been honored, by the officers, by those who sit in judgment and dispense the laws to the people; yes, had even the letter of the law, to say nothing of the spirit of it, of the spirit of right, it would have hung governors, judges, generals, magistrates, etc., for they violated the laws of their own States. Such has been the case with our enemies in every instance that this people have been persecuted. If any person belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were guilty of stealing while living in the States, or if any of the Church were found guilty of murder, or any other transgression of the civil law, they ought to have been tried by the law, and have received the punishment affixed to the crime. Did any of the Latter-day Saints object to that? No, not one. Joseph the prophet did not object to it, but on the contrary he urged it, prayed for it, and wished the Church to be delivered from all transgressors.

I say again, that the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the laws of the different States, as a general thing are just as good as we want, provided they are honored. But we find judges who do not honor the laws, yes, officers of the law dishonor the law. Legislators and law makers are frequently the first violators of the law they make. "When the wicked rule the people mourn," and when the corruption of a people bears down the scale in favor of wickedness, that people is nigh unto destruction. We have the proof on hand, that instead of the laws being honored, they have been violated in every instance of persecution against this people; instead of the laws being made honorable, they have been trampled under the feet of lawyers, judges, sheriffs, governors, legislators, and nearly all the officers of the government; such persons are the most guilty of breaking the laws.

Liars have reported that this people have committed treason; and upon their lies, the President has ordered out troops to aid in officering this Territory. And if those officers are like many who have previously been sent here (and we have reason to believe that they are, or they would not come when they know they are not wanted), they are poor miserable blacklegs, broken-down political hacks, robbers, and whoremongers—men that are not fit for civilized society; so they must dragoon them upon us for officers. I feel that I won't bear such cursed treatment, and that is enough to say; for we are just as free as the mountain air. I do not lift my voice against the great and glorious government guaranteed to every citizen by our Constitution, but against those corrupt administrators who trample the Constitution and just laws under their feet. They care no more about them than they do about the government of France; but they walk them under their feet with impunity. And the most of the characters they have sent here as officers cared no more for the laws of our country and of this Territory, than they did about the laws of China, but walked them under their feet with all the recklessness of despots.

AN ITEM OF HISTORY.—Before we left Nauvoo, members of Congress made a treaty with the Latter-day Saints, and we agreed to leave the United States entirely. We did so and came to these mountains, which were then Mexican territory. When we were ready to start on our pilgrimage west, a certain gentleman, who signed himself Backwoodsman, wished to know on what conditions we would overcome and settle California. He gave us to understand that he had his authority from headquarters, to treat with us on this matter. I thought that President Polk was our friend at that time; we have thought so since, and we think so now. We agreed to survey and settle California—we drawing the odd numbers, and the government the even numbers; but I think the President was precipitated into the Mexican war, and our prospective calculations fell through,

otherwise we should have gone into California and settled it. Many of you were not aware of this.—*Journal of Discourses, Vol. x, p. 255.*

The present is that portion of time that more particularly concerns us, and the greatest and the most important labor we have to perform is to cultivate ourselves. That man may know his fellow creatures, it is necessary that he should first know himself, when he thoroughly knows himself, he measurably knows God, whom to know is Eternal life. * * * When all that class of spirits designed to take bodies upon this earth have done so, then will come the winding up scene of this particular department of the works of God on this earth.

To say that the human family are not seeking salvation, is contrary to my experience, and to the experience of every other person with whom I have any acquaintance.

It is according to the frailties of human nature to decline and falter in our feelings at the varied, besetting, enticing, and almost overwhelming temptations that are abroad in the world, and with which the people, especially those of the household of faith, have to contend.

I calculate to carry my own sorrows just as long as I live upon this earth; and when I go to the grave, I expect them all to go there, and sleep in eternal silence.

For heaven's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of Him who died for us, never let us falter in our duty.

When you see all the powers of the evil one combined against a community, you may know that is Christ's kingdom.

SPECULATION.—The speculation I am after is to exchange this world, which, in its present state, passes away, for a world that is eternal and unchangeable, for a glorified world filled with eternal riches, for a world that is made an inheritance for the Gods in eternity.

I think I have learned the gospel so as to know, that in and of myself, I am nothing.

All organized existence is in progress, either to an endless advancement, in eternal perfection, or back to dissolution.

* * * There is no period, in all the eternities where an organized existence will become stationary, that it cannot advance in knowledge, wisdom, power, and glory. * * * If the endless

stream of knowledge from the eternal fountain could all be drunk in by organized intelligences, so sure immortality would come to an end, and all eternity be thrown upon the retrograde path.

Follow truth with unfaltering faith and thereby gain immortality.

CORIANTON.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a moment father and son faced each other, but neither spoke. The proud head of Corianton was bowed, his lips quivered with emotion. The father held out his hand, and the young man grasped it. "Father," he said, in humbled tone, "I have sinned against God, and against thee; I pray you pardon me, and ask thy God to pardon me too." "Corianton, thy rebellion against God is in truth a grievous sin. But youth is thoughtless and wayward, impatient of restraint, easily misled, and often, too, by generous impulses. The high sounding phrase, the reckless plea for unbridled license, miscalled liberty, which men of Korihor's type well know the influence of, the mocking jests at sober, righteous lives, the boldness which dares mock at sacred things, and bid defiance e'en to God, hath in it a false daring which captures inconsiderate youth, and works his ruin in things pertaining unto God. I do remember my own youth, Corianton, and how in my mad folly I threw away restraint, consorted with the wicked, mocked the righteous, and impiously blasphemed the name of God, and afflicted my noble father's soul as thou hast mine—but I forgive thee," hastily added the priest, as a great sob escaped his son, "as he did me; and so far as my earnest prayer can pluck down heaven's forgiveness on thy head, be assured, my son, my most dear son, God shall forgive thee too." With these words he fondly embraced Corianton, and a few moments later they left the Hall of Justice together.

At the house of the High Priest they

found Ammon, Aaron, Omner and Himni, and also Helaman and Shiblon, the two elder sons of Alma. The first four persons named were the sons of Mosiah, the last king of the Nephites, and at whose death the reign of the judges began. These men had been the companions of Alma from his boyhood, and together in their youthful days they had been recklessly wicked and sought the destruction of the church; in answer to the prayers of the first Alma, father to the present High Priest, the Lord visited them in his mercy by sending an angel to them, by whose glorious presence and power—for his voice seemed to shake the earth—they were converted to the truth of what the prophets had testified; and after sincere repentance they received a forgiveness of their sins, and then became as zealous advocates of the truth as aforesaid they had been opponents of it. They traveled to and fro through all the land of the Nephites, seeking to undo the mischief they had done; and then performed glorious missions among the Lamanites where the power of God was wondrously manifested to the converting of many to the truth. Often separated by their labors, cast into prisons, surrounded by dangers, threatened by mobs, weary, foot-sore, hungry—now received into palaces and hailed almost as Gods, now outcasts, without a place to lay their heads—they experienced all the changes, the successes, the vicissitudes of missionary life, but through all of it they were faithful to God, and held each other in fondest remembrance.

The present occasion of their meeting

together was to determine what steps should be taken in relation to the Zoramites, a people who had dissented from the Nephites and had established themselves at Antionum, south of the land Gershon, and bordering on the lands occupied by the Lamanites; and it was feared they would become confederate with the Lamanites and create trouble. The meeting held on the subject the day before had been interrupted by the Chief Judge sending for Alma to consult over the case of Korihor. Now they had met to conclude the business thus interrupted.

Alma was warmly greeted by his brethren, who had witnessed the scene in the hall of justice; and all expressed their gratitude to God for the great manifestation of his power, and the vindication of his cause.

"The most happy fruit of this issue," said Alma, "is that it gives back to the cause of truth my son Corianton; who, at the first, stood with the unbeliever, but now has seen a demonstration of God's power, to the conversion of his soul." At this announcement the brethren gathered about Corianton and warmly embraced him, thanking God for his deliverance from darkness.

It was finally arranged that Alma, Ammon, Aaron, Omner together with Shiblon and Corianton, should go on a mission to the Zoramites; that Himni should remain to preside over the church at Zarahemla, assisted by Helaman.

As the council was breaking up, Alma suggested that he would like to take with him on this mission Amulek and Zeezrom, but they were in the city of Melek west of Zarahemla. Corianton volunteered to go after them, and Shiblon expressed a willingness to accompany him. That afternoon they started. *En route* they passed through several villages, and on such occasions were questioned profusely in relation to the curse which had fallen upon Korihor, of which they had heard conflicting rumors. They gave to those inquiring correct information, though Corianton in testifying to the existence of God, and to the truth of the gospel was not always as humble

or merciful to those who were not yet converted as was conformable to the spirit of the gospel, or consistent with the position which he himself had so lately occupied. It is ever thus with your new convert; by his actions and by his words you would be led to think, if you did not know better, that he was the last sinner God was waiting to bring into his fold before he damned the rest. Shiblon observed these faults in his brother, but knowing his haughty spirit, which could ill brook any restraint, he resolved to remain silent, and let those older correct him.

Finding Amulek and Zeezrom, they delivered their message from the council of the priesthood in Zarahemla, and both these worthy men returned with them to that city, and from thence the party took its journey to Antionum the chief city of the Zoramites.

Of that journey it is necessary to say but little. It occupied eight days, the party going on foot, driving with them but two asses, on which were packed the tents, food and other necessary articles for the comfort of the party. For the sons of Mosiah and Alma, who were all experienced missionaries, and had passed through many trying scenes together, as also, indeed, had Amulek and Zeezrom, it was a glorious reunion; and many and various were the adventures and special manifestations of the power of God related. To the younger men, Shiblon and Corianton, it was a feast of spiritual food,—the conversation of these servants of God.

The sun was slowly sinking in the western sky, as the party of missionaries presented themselves at the main entrance to the city Antionum, the gateway of the north wall. They were permitted to pass in unchallenged, and inquired out a lodging house, where they all stayed together. Uninformed as to the exact nature of the heresy of the Zoramites, they had resolved to avoid proclaiming their mission, until they should become acquainted with the nature of the errors it was their hope to crush.

The day following their entrance into the city was the holy day of the Zoram-

ites, when they repaired to the synagogues, of which there were many, to worship. The interior of their places of worship were gorgeously decorated. Near the centre of each rose a stand, the top of which extended half the height from the floor to the ceiling. The stand proper rested on a sort of frustum of a cone. Up the sides were several flights of steps, and at the top of the frustum was standing room for a number of people; but in the stand proper there was room for but one. Each in his turn ascended the single flight of steps to the top of this holy stand—Rameumptom they called it—and stretching forth his hands towards heaven, exclaimed in solemn tones: “Holy, holy God! We believe that thou art God, and we believe that thou art holy, and that thou wast a spirit, and that thou wilt be a spirit for ever. Holy God, we believe that thou hast separated us from our brethren; and we do not believe in the tradition of our brethren, which was handed down to them by the childishness of their fathers; but we believe that thou hast elected us to be thy holy children; and also thou hast made it known unto us that there shall be no Christ; but thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and thou hast elected us, that we shall be saved, whilst all around us are elected to be cast by thy wrath down to hell; for the which holiness, O God, we thank thee; and we also thank thee that thou hast elected us, that we may not be led away after the foolish traditions of our brethren, which doth bind them down to a belief of Christ, which doth lead their hearts to wander far from thee, our God. And again: We thank thee, O God, that we are a chosen and a holy people.—Amen.”

At the conclusion of every distinct thought in the above prayer, the company of worshipers at the top of the frustum would cry aloud—“Amen, amen!” And at the conclusion of the prayer an unseen choir accompanied by instruments, chanted selected and slightly altered passages of the above prayer, such as—“Holy, holy God! Thou art God. Thou art holy. Thou art a spirit, thou ever wast, and ever shall be—Holy

is thy name! Amen!” Such was their form of worship, such their set prayers, as witnessed that day by Alma and his fellow missionaries.

After witnessing this mixture of impiety and hypocrisy, self-glorification and abasement of those not of them, Alma thought it not necessary to wait longer in commencing their work, and hence, that night he laid hands upon the heads of his associates, blessed them and set them apart for the accomplishment of the work in hand. The next morning they separated for the better prosecution of their enterprise. They took no thought of themselves, what they should eat or what they should wear, or where they should be lodged. They preached in the synagogues, in private houses, and even in the streets.

No one in the beginning of this work was more zealous, or more successful than Corianton. Indeed it was his success that began to work a great mischief; for it filled him with pride and boasting in his own strength. By sheer force of character, a better informed mind, a kind of genius for controversy, he discomfited the Zoramites, and exposed the shallowness of their principles, to the great delight of the multitude who began to believe in Christ. But at the bottom there were fundamental truths of the gospel to which he was not converted; the atonement of Christ, the resurrection, the justice of God in punishing the wicked being among them. He found, as many since his day have found, that seeing a single manifestation of the power of God—a miracle—had not removed all the difficulties in the way of a sound faith in the gospel; and in his own mind he began to find ways of accounting for the destruction of Korihor’s speech—his own excitement, the mysterious magnetism of his father which swayed men’s minds, a power which he flattered himself he had inherited, notwithstanding his unbelief.

One day about sunset, while in this frame of mind, as he was passing down one of the main thoroughfares of Antionum, he saw a poor, wretched object begging of those who passed him on the

street. He was miserably clad and filthy, his form emaciated and trembling with weakness, but there was something in the profile of the face, a resemblance to a countenance which lived in Corianton's recollection, that attracted his attention. As he approached nearer he observed a wildness about the man, occasioned by desperate efforts at speech, resulting only in harsh, disconnected and unintelligible mumbling. To his astonishment, it was Korihor. The form was wasted, the features shrunken almost past recognition, and insanity glared from his wild eyes. Corianton gazed in pity upon him, and Korihor returned that look with one of puzzled wonder. Then as the mists and confusion of his mind cleared up for a moment, he recognized his former, and what he accounted his false friend, and with a wild shriek fled out into the street, looking back at Corianton as he ran with an air expressive of horror. At that moment a troop of horsemen were passing down the street, and so sudden had been the poor half maniac's flight from the presence of Corianton, that he threw himself in front of the horsemen, and before they could check their speed or change their course, he was knocked down and trampled upon.

A crowd quickly gathered around the bruised and bleeding form. His case was notorious in Antionum, and it was generally believed that his dumbness was brought upon him through sorcery; hence, even while he was shunned by the people, there were many who sympathized with him, so far, at least, as execrating those who had been the means of bringing the evil upon him. Corianton ran to the man and raised him to a sitting posture, but he never regained consciousness; a few painful gasps, and the body sank back into the arms of the young man, limp and lifeless. One of the guards of the city came up to the crowd, and, recognizing the body as that of the dumb, half-crazed beggar, he took charge of it, and finally interred it.

As Corianton walked away with the mangled form of the once bold anti-Christ vividly pictured in his mind, he

muttered half aloud—"This is one of the judgments of God—cruel, infinitely cruel! He above all others could have been generous and have pardoned him before his justice," and he fairly hissed the word, "had turned to cruelty!"

By this time he had reached his lodgings, one of the finest palaces in all that city, and strange enough, it was the home of one of the chief Zoramites who had been especially pleased, or at least feigned to be especially pleased with Corianton, and had invited him to make his house his home. At the entrance to the walk leading up to the house, he was met by a woman, who asked if he was one of the Nephite prophets that had come to preach the doctrines of the Nephites to the Zoramites. Corianton answered that he was of that party. "And is your name Corianton?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Then, at last, I have found you!"

[To be continued.]

THE LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.—The European country which possesses the largest number of public libraries is Austria. In Austria there are no fewer than five hundred and seventy-seven public libraries, containing five million four hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes, without reckoning maps and manuscripts—a total which comes out at twenty-six volumes per one hundred of the population. France possesses five hundred public libraries, containing four million five hundred and ninety-eight thousand volumes and one hundred and thirty-five thousand manuscripts, or twelve volumes per one hundred of the inhabitants; Italy ranking next with four hundred and ninety-three libraries, four million three hundred and forty-nine thousand volumes, and three hundred and thirty thousand manuscripts, or sixteen volumes per one hundred. In Germany the public libraries number three hundred and ninety-eight, containing two million six hundred and forty thousand volumes and fifty eight thousand manuscripts, or eleven volumes per one hundred of the population. Great Britain possesses only two hundred public

libraries, according to these statistics, the volumes numbering two million eight hundred and seventy-one thousand and the manuscripts twenty-six thousand. There are one hundred and forty-five libraries in Russia, with nine hundred and fifty-two thousand volumes and twenty-four thousand manuscripts, or a fraction over one volume to one hundred persons. It is noteworthy that in Bavaria alone the public libraries number one hundred and sixty-nine, with one million three hundred and sixty-eight thousand volumes and twenty-four thousand manuscripts. Reviewing the principal libraries separately, it appears that the most considerable in Europe is the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, with two

million and seventy-eight thousand volumes, while the British Museum, with upwards of a million of books, assumes the next place. Then comes the Munich Royal Library, containing eight hundred thousand volumes; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna libraries taking rank as follows in the same order, seven hundred thousand, five hundred thousand and four hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

The whole world without art and dress,
 Would be but one great wilderness,
 And mankind but a savage herd,
 For all that Nature has conferred;
 This does but roughen and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

—Samuel Butler.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON MORMONISM.

PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY, of world-wide fame, contributes to the columns of *The Nineteenth Century* for February an article entitled "Agnosticism." In the course of his remarks the author takes occasion to refer briefly to Mormonism and its history. Some of the statements relating thereto, which this learned scientist publishes to the world are remarkable, and, coming from such a high source, they are invested with a special interest and value, not only to the Saints, but to the world in general.

The Professor introduces his readers to Mormonism in the following language:

"When the historian of religion in the twentieth century is writing about the nineteenth, I foresee he will say something of this kind:

"The most curious and instructive events in the religious history of the preceding century are the rise and progress of two new sects, called Mormons and Positivists. To the student who has carefully considered these remarkable phenomena nothing in the records of religious self-delusion can appear improbable."

Looking at the subject of religion in general from the position occupied by Mr. Huxley as an Agnostic, much, or nearly all, that is contained in every system of ecclesiasticism partakes of the

nature of a delusion, primitive Christianity not being excepted.

In that institution, which was established by the Son of God himself, there are many things which are proposed as matters of faith, and which depend upon the exercise of this principle alone for their acceptance on the part of the human family. Right here the principles of Agnosticism and those of Christianity come in conflict, for the distinguishing tenet of the former as expressed, in its positive aspect, by Mr. Huxley himself, reads thus: "In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration."

It is very evident, therefore, that this author does not intend to imply that Mormonism is a delusion in contradistinction to Christianity which is not, but he classes all religious creeds together—primitive Christianity, Mormonism so-called, and every other religiousism extant—as delusions, and then publishes to the world the statement that the facts connected with the rise and progress of the Mormon people are pre-eminently adapted to make the records of the early, alleged Christian delusion appear probable.

This is what Mr. Huxley substantially declares, and his words should fall upon the ears of a Christian world like a voice from heaven. The individual who believes in the revelations of Almighty God—who believes in the founding of Christianity by the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, has thus thrust upon his attention the proposition that Mormonism excels all the sects of professed Christianity combined, in adaptability to invest the Gospel records with the garb of probability, and consequently to disarm the infidel of his arguments. The value of such testimony in favor of the religion of the Latter-day Saints can be appreciated by the honest soul only who desires the vindication of God's word, let the confirmatory evidence come from what source it may. It is immaterial, for the purposes of this argument, whether we regard the Gospel of Jesus Christ as a religious delusion, or as veritable truth, Mormonism stands forth as the most powerful confirmation of it according to the opinion of a trained, scientific mind.

It is here pertinent to inquire why the rise, progress, etc., of the Mormon people are so eminently calculated to confirm the records of the early Church. It appears to us that there can be but one answer to this question, and that is founded upon the principle of similarity or likeness. The truth of this position will become more apparent when we consider that if Mormonism were wholly unlike apostolic Christianity, it could not in any way serve to make the history and records of the early institution appear at all probable. No one can deny that just in proportion as a Christian system of this age corresponds in all its ramifications with one that has preceded it, is the existing institution serviceable to illustrate and confirm the truth of the records of the earlier system. But we are obliged, also, to admit the converse of this proposition, which is, that the ecclesiastical system best adapted to confirm the history of the primitive Church is that one which is most like the early institution. According to the views, then, of Professor Huxley, the ecclesiastical system of the Latter-day

Saints must be entitled to this proud distinction. It is a great pleasure to us to record his testimony, which assures us that Mormon institutions are accomplishing another of the purposes for which they were and are ordained, namely: to establish the exceedingly great probability of the truth of the Biblical narratives, records and doctrines, and eventually to rivet a conviction of their divinity upon the heart and confidence of every soul living or dead. The Church is moving forward to the consummation of this purpose, and not one iota of her mission shall fail.

It would have been very instructive, no doubt, had Mr. Huxley informed us fully why he regards Mormonism as worthy of being distinguished as a conspicuous phenomenon even in this age of marvels. There are some who assume that the Saints and their institutions derive their greatest pre-eminence from the fact that the principles of plural or celestial marriage forms a part of Mormon Church doctrines. But the individual who has made himself familiar with the history of the Saints is well aware that Mormonism was just as phenomenal in its earlier days, before the principle of plural marriage was incorporated among the doctrines of the Church, as it was in later years, after the principle had been revealed and accepted. Then, further, to every individual capable of exercising his mental faculties in a rational manner, the proposition must appear absurd that the doctrine or practice of plural marriage can possibly be phenomenal in a world which was for ages wholly given over to polygamic practices, and which yet prevail among a vast majority of the human family. If the Mormon principle of plurality of wives is phenomenal in a polygamic world, it must be so because there is a phenomenal difference existing between Mormon polygamy and that which is practiced by others. On such ground our assent is assured.

It can not be controverted that if Mormonism is not intrinsically phenomenal it never can appear phenomenal in aspect. To assume the contrary of

this proposition is as unreasonable as to expect light out of darkness, and sight out of blind eyes. If the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is phenomenal because of the principle of faith which it teaches and practices, it is so because that faith itself is phenomenal, and unlike the faith which is exercised by the Christian world in general. Thus we might proceed with every principle belonging to this Church, and the same conclusions must follow. When we once admit that Mormonism is phenomenal in its rise, progress, doctrines, powers or accomplishments, we must also admit that the force which has given rise to such extraordinary manifestations is also extraordinary. Common forces do not produce so called marvels either in the physical or intellectual world, as every scientist very well knows, Mr. Huxley not excepted.

It should be observed that Mormonism is confessedly phenomenal in an age of wonders. That it is so under such circumstances affords ample evidence of its inherent marvelous properties. It requires no great scientific ability to enable an individual to tower as an intellectual giant in the estimation of a class of school-boys; but he who can loom up as a phenomenal scientist in the company of such famous men as Darwin, Tyndal, Huxley, Dana, and others of illustrious fame and memory, must indeed be a wonder.

The same principle which is thus applicable when reference is made to scientists, holds good in the realm of theology and religion. Mormonism was not ushered into this world at a period of its history when ecclesiasticism was at a low ebb, and when there was a paucity of learned and polished divines. It came not in a dark age of man's history—not in a time of general ignorance—not when men were specially superstitious and credulous; but at a period when Christianity claimed to have reached the zenith of her power and glory; it came when learning and refinement graced the pulpit, when the Spurgeons and the Beechers were thrilling their hearers with their wonderful

Christian eloquence; it came when general knowledge was widely diffused; it came when, as never before, the world was incredulous; and planting itself down by the side of nearly one thousand competitors, some of them having had ages of schooling and experience, it sprang with a single bound to the head of the list, and there remained as the religious phenomenon of a phenomenal age. Justly indeed may the scientific mind which is capable of giving due weight to matters of fact and to principles, assign to Mormonism the highest rank in the list of marvels. In doing so, however, the men of the world are simply setting the seal of their testimony to the truth of the prophecy of Joseph Smith, in which it is declared that 'a great and a marvelous work is about to come forth unto the children of men.' This was uttered in 1829, before the Church had been organized with but half a dozen members. Mr. Huxley affirms in substance that this prophecy has been fulfilled.

There are yet other aspects of the case which, according to the professor's views, make the phenomenal character of Mormonism more than ever conspicuous. We refer to the opposition it has had to encounter, and to the alleged disreputable character of its founder. We quote at length what Mr. Huxley has to say respecting these matters:

"There is a complete consensus of testimony that the founder of Mormonism, one Joseph Smith, was a low-minded, ignorant scamp, and that he stole the 'Scriptures' which he propounded; not being clever enough to forge even such contemptible stuff as they contain. Nevertheless he must have been a man of some force of character, for a considerable number of disciples soon gathered about him. In spite of repeated outbursts of popular hatred and violence—during one of which persecutions, Smith was brutally murdered—the Mormon body steadily increased, and became a flourishing community. But the Mormon practices being objectionable to the majority, they were, more than once, without any pretense of law, but by force of riot, arson and murder, driven from the land they had occupied. Harried by these persecutions, the Mormon body eventually committed itself to the tender mercies of a desert,

as barren as that of Sinai; and after terrible sufferings and privations reached the oasis of Utah. Here it grew and flourished, sending out missionaries to, and receiving converts from all parts of Europe, sometimes to the number of ten thousand in a year; until, in 1880, the rich and flourishing community numbered one hundred and ten thousand souls in Utah alone, while there were probably thirty or forty thousand scattered abroad elsewhere. In the whole history of religions there is no more remarkable example of the power of faith; and in this case, the founder of that faith was indubitably a most despicable creature. It is interesting to observe that the course taken by the great Republic and its citizens runs exactly parallel with that taken by the Roman Empire and its citizens towards the early Christians, except that the Romans had a certain legal excuse for their acts of violence, inasmuch as the Christian 'sodalitia' were not licensed, and consequently were, *ipso facto*, illegal assemblages. Until in the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the United States legislature decreed the illegality of polygamy, the Mormons were wholly within the law."

No ordinary political or religious organization could long survive such persecutions as the Church of Jesus Christ has had to endure. Every intelligent man knows that it takes force of character and the stamina of true manhood to maintain one's private convictions in peril of "riot, arson, murder," and banishment, yet Mr. Huxley simply repeats what all the world knows, when he says the Mormon people have endured all such evils and outrages for the sake of their religious convictions.

We could continue these remarks concerning matters of fact relating to the Mormon people and their religion, and in whatever phase we might view them, we should find the marvelous and the phenomenal clearly discernible; but we forbear further comment on this matter at present. We desire, however, to ask Mr. Huxley to explain how such a marvelous work and a wonder could have been originated by an individual of the character of Joseph Smith, were he such an individual as his enemies represent him? Mr. Huxley is pleased to characterize him as a "low-minded, ignorant scamp," a "despicable creature," and says that he "stole the scriptures," not

"being clever enough to forge even such contemptible stuff." Will this gentleman inform us if any "low-minded, ignorant scamps" or "despicable creatures" have revolutionized the sciences of physiology, for instance, as Joseph Smith has done that of theology? Can he point to a single individual who steals the writings of Herschel and Newton because he is not "clever" enough to forge them, yet who is able to propound a new system of astronomy which scientists forthwith regard as phenomenal? Were it possible to accomplish a matter of this kind, we submit that such a new and strange system of astronomy would not be half so marvelous as that it should originate from a low-minded, ignorant scamp," thief and "despicable creature."

When we are gravely informed that the greatest phenomenal religious movement of this century was originated by such a wretch, we begin to wonder if men have lost their reason. In view of such an alleged marvel, our thoughts turn from the thing formed to him that formed it, and find in him the greater mystery. The scientific mind which can propose a despicable origin for an acknowledged phenomenon ought not to reject the sectarian doctrine that all things were created out of nothing. When power originates in weakness, light in darkness, hope in despair, and love in hate, but not until then, will it be time for men to expect rational beings to credit the proposition that great events of whatever name or nature do not have corresponding mighty causes.

Mr. Huxley should qualify his expressions somewhat if he is desirous to have them conform to facts. There is NOT "a complete consensus of testimony that Joseph Smith was low-minded," etc. He should say there is such a consensus of testimony on the part of his enemies. What is such testimony worth? Let Mr. Huxley go to his own bitterest enemies, and when he ascertains their opinion of himself he can answer our question. It is strange that a scientist should accept as his own the views of Joseph Smith's foes respect-

ing his character, and then forthwith declare to the world that the Mormon people "were, more than once, without any pretense of law, but by force of riot, arson and murder, driven from the land they occupied."

Evidently the Professor thinks Mormon foes can be guilty of many of the most heinous offenses against law and humanity, *but they won't lie*. That's another marvel.

Joseph Smith was an honorable, upright, noble man, as those of the Saints who knew him best can freely testify; and many non-Mormons have cheerfully affirmed the same respecting him.

While on the way from Nauvoo to Carthage, where he was murdered, Joseph Smith said: I AM GOING LIKE A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER, BUT I AM

CALM AS A SUMMER'S MORNING. Do low-minded scamps thus face death when they can escape by flight? Do despicable creatures thus freely and voluntarily lay down their lives for conscience sake? No; heroes and Saints of God alone can perform such deeds, and Joseph Smith was both a hero and a Saint. He lives enshrined in the hearts of tens of thousands of the human family, who owe their happiness in this life and their hopes for the world to come, to the work which he performed while living. Blessed and happy, indeed, would Professor Huxley be, if he had attained to such an eminence and exaltation.

Thos. W. Brookbank.

He that always complains is never pitied.

PRIESTHOOD AND PRIESTCRAFT.

"Priesthood is the government of God, * * * it is the power of God delegated to intelligences in the heavens and to men on the earth."—*President John Taylor. Millennial Star, Vol. IX, page 321.*

THAT God has the right to govern this world, as one of his innumerable creations, is too self evident a truth to need any discussion, and is readily conceded, in theory at least, by all rational beings who have an intelligent conception of a Deity. His right to govern is inseparably connected with the fact of his existence, and reason compels us to accept the one with the other, or to reject both.

The Bible narrative leads us to infer that the direct personal government of God upon the earth ceased at the fall of our first parents, and that his authority since then has usually been exercised in a delegated form. This brings us to a consideration of the sublime definition of priesthood that we have quoted from an article written upon this interesting subject, many years ago, by our late revered President. All consistent believers in the Scriptures must acknowledge the latter part of the quotation, referring to the delegation of God's

power to men on the earth, is in perfect agreement with many plain and important declarations of Holy Writ, from the early mention of the great High Priest, Melchisedek, down to the divine commission given by our Savior to his apostles. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews, says of Priesthood: "No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." And in the succeeding verse the apostle forcibly illustrates the principle, that all genuine priestly authority emanates from God, by declaring: "So also Christ glorified not himself to be made an High Priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee." Other references to our Savior as the great High Priest and Apostle of our profession, will readily occur to the mind of the reader and need not be quoted. The divine nature of the holy Priesthood is further exemplified in the memorable words of Jesus to his apostles: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

The Scriptures of the Old Testament

are no less explicit than those of the New in sustaining the divine nature and source of Priesthood, and modern revelation still further strengthens the position by plainly telling us that it was by this power that every servant of God, from Adam down to our own day, has been authorized to speak and act in his name, in the various dispensations with which mankind have been favored. Holy men, who under the general name of prophets, ministered to ancient Israel at times when the authority to confer the Priesthood did not exist on the earth, received it direct from the Almighty. Joseph Smith's own mission to preach the Gospel, officiate in its ordinances, and again organize the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth, did not fully begin until he had received the Priesthood from heavenly personages, who had the authority to impart it. It is one of the most convincing proofs in favor of the truth of the revelations given through the Prophet Joseph that in this principle of Priesthood, as in all others, they conflict in no particular with the ancient scriptures, but supplement and confirm them with a completeness and perfection utterly unattainable by the wisdom of man.

In the history of ancient Israel the power of the holy Priesthood looms up and overshadows all other. Even the kingly authority which God permitted, rather than sanctioned, derived its most potent virtue from the holy anointing by the priestly representative of heaven. The glitter and pomp of Saul's royalty pale before the divine light of Samuel's Priesthood; and the great king, David, cowered before the man of God who denounced his sin and declared its punishment. This deference of royalty to Priesthood can be traced through ages in which the latter existed but in name and form, and there is not a king in Christendom, and scarcely one out of it, so great is the power of tradition, whose coronation is not associated with some religious ceremonies that recall, faintly as it may be, the time when the divinely appointed king received the confirmation of his power in the holy

anointing. This was the origin of the "divine right of kings," which superstition preserved long after the loss of the true Priesthood, from which it derived its significance and force.

The views concerning Priesthood, sustained and confirmed by revelation, are not weakened when they are submitted to the test of reason and analogy. As Priesthood proceeds from God it is a portion of his power, delegated "to men on the earth." It can from its very nature be nothing less than this. Now it is a principle of all government, human or divine, that delegated power is endowed with the authority of the source from which it springs, so long as it does not transcend its prescribed limits. How reasonable and convincing then is the inspired sentiment of the Prophet Joseph: "The rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven." Anything short of this beautiful ideal is not Priesthood, it is *priestcraft*. The line is sharp and well defined that divides the true from the false, the heavenly from its antetype; it is the dimness of our vision that sometimes makes it appear to us uncertain and indistinct; hence it is that Priesthood and priestcraft are often confounded, and the odium of the one is used to excuse and excite prejudice against the other.

Priesthood, then, is the delegated power and representative government of God. It can only be used in his service and for the promotion of his glory. It cannot be made to subserve other purposes or interests. When delegated authority misrepresents its original, or, in any manner transcends its legitimate bounds, its force and virtue are lost. The holy Priesthood cannot be used to minister to the pride, the avarice or the ambition of man. He who thus attempts to use it, loses its substance and retains only a shadow. In the emphatic language of revelation, "Amen to the Priesthood, or the authority of that man."

To assume the office and calling of Priesthood without divine authority to do so, is usurpation. Ignorance may, in

a greater or less degree, excuse, but can never justify it. No human government would sustain those who assumed to represent it without authority, even if it were done ignorantly; much less would the Almighty sanction the exercise of heavenly powers by self appointed, or self deceived pretenders.

The Book of Mormon declares: "It must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things." Priesthood finds this opposition in priestcraft, which is always its enemy and often its counterfeit. Priestcraft simulates Priesthood for the purpose of destroying it. Apparently it has its origin in the ambition or ignorance of man; in reality these are but the aids and stimulants of its growth. Its source is further back and deeper down. It is in that Evil One who fought against legitimate authority in heaven, ere "the morning stars sang together" at creation's birth. Driven from thence, he renewed the struggle on this earth, when it was prepared for the probation of man. Hence we find priestcraft of nearly equal antiquity with Priesthood. Already was it flourishing in ancient Egypt when Melchisedek, by the authority of the Priesthood, received tithes from Abraham and blessed that honored

patriarch. It usurped authority over the bodies and consciences of men, counterfeited the miraculous manifestations of God's power through his legitimate priesthood, by the exercise of magical deceptions and mysterious rites, which superior learning and the cunning promptings of Satan suggested to the priests of On.

Priesthood elevates to the worship of the true and living God; priestcraft degrades to the slavery of the soul. Priesthood saves; priestcraft destroys. The two principles are as opposite as the poles. They are elements that can never unite. Everything that Priesthood is, priestcraft is not, and can never attain to.

Each may be known by its fruit: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" The struggle between them has been a long one, and, in the course of it, priesthood has frequently been driven from the earth, and priestcraft remained to gloat over its short-lived triumph. But the final result is assured in the glorious promise that the Kingdom set up in the Latter-days shall never be thrown down, nor given to another people, but "stand forever."

George Osmond.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

THE French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. It was on the twenty-third of October. The sentinels were doubled, and the most strict orders given, for the Prussian spies were plenty and troublesome.

At midnight, Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of the regiment was with the sergeant on this bout, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?"

"Aye, *mon colonel*, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are all around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men or brutes without good proof."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this, the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone.

Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp, or rather around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other, sloping away into a

deep ravine, in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow, steady tread the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite suspicion. He had stopped, for a moment, close by the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild screech from the wood, and, in a few moments more, a large bird flew over his head.

"*Parbleu*," he uttered, after the night bird had flown over; "could mortal man have stopped that fellow from passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object just crossing the line toward the copse.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing his musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced toward the spot where the object had stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move on again toward the camp.

"*Diable*," cried Pierre, "move any farther, and I fire! What? *Pardieu*! *Le Prince*? Ho, ho, why, Prince!"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap on the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince," Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches.

Pierre recognized the intruder now

as a great dog, of the breed St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been missing for about a week. He had disappeared, one night, from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"*Parbleu*, *mon grande Prince*," Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word; "the men will be happy to see you. Where have you been for so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, *mon ami*, you must keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we'll go to the camp together. Mind that, will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis and due meaning, Pierre started on his bout again. He had got half-way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. *Le Prince* was moving toward the camp again.

"Ha, Prince, that won't do! Stop! Stop, or I'll shoot! *Diable*, the colonel was positive in his orders. And I was to let nothing pass my post without the counter sign. And a dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now, lie down. Down, down, I say."

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly, and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and, having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him, by way of being sociable. But at length, the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and, on turning, he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

"*Diable*!" the honest fellow uttered. "I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here, *Parbleu*! Come here. Here, Prince. *Mon Dieu*! you must die if you don't."

With a few quick bounds, the soldier

had got near enough the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

"*Mon chere, ami*, you must stay with me. Here. Come back. I must shoot if you don't. *Parbleu!* what a thing to start the camp for—to shoot a dog."

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince, we'll be relieved," the soldier said, stopping near the dog. "You can go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction, this time starting toward the copse.

"Here, here, Prince! *Parbleu*, don't run off again."

But the fellow took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back! Back! Here—"

"*Grand Dieu!*" The last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind feet and run thus. In an instant, the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dim outlines now and he fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn, for the guard were approaching.

"*Qui est la?*" he cried.

"*Garde montant!*" was the answer.

And, having obtained the counter-sign, he informed the officer what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince did you say?"

"He looked like Prince; but, *diable*, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs."

"Eh? Hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come; show us where he was."

With this, the officer of the mounted guard pulled his lantern from his breast, and, having removed the shade, he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found, apparently in the last struggles of death.

"*Grand Dieu!*" he cried, what legs for a dog, eh?"

And no wonder he said so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the *genus homo*. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me," in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"*Diable!* here's an adventure!" uttered the officer, and he made Pierre hold the lantern, while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face.

But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and, having lifted the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp, they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were now brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though, apparently, some twenty years of age; but he was dead. Pierre's ball had touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cypher, but no one could make anything of it. The colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight, for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper, who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had ever before been found against him. On his person was found a key to the cypher, which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near

Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and deliver him up to the enemy, and his skin was made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive

order of the colonel, and the wilfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancoin.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to the rank of a sergeant, and the emperor said to him, as he bestowed the boon:

"If you only make as faithful an officer as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more."—*Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Yankee Blade.*

LEAVES FROM A NOTE BOOK.

A WALK BY THE SEA SHORE.

I HAVE passed a day in a most delightful walk. A *red-letter day* I must really call it. The walk was quite lengthy, though so many objects of interest presented themselves along its course, that I scarcely realized the miles traversed, until the walk was over. It was from the quiet hotel on the edge of the town (Monterey) to the old Mission building at the Carmel Bay, about eight miles distant, and thence along the shore of Still-Water Bay to Lobos Point, its southern horn. At an early hour the morning was foggy and threatened rain, so that I hardly cared to start. Trees and grass were already drenching wet with dew, and a showery day in the woods fronting the shore promised but little comfort. Later on, however, a yellow ray or two, struggling through the drift, argued well for the turn of the weather, so with chances in favor of sunshine I started forth. Hardly an hour had elapsed before patches of sky began to appear, and soon the greater part of the vault was clear, and the consequent flood of sunshine that was poured down on the earth made grass and foliage glitter as though they had been sprinkled all over with diamond dust.

As I climbed the hill my heart grew light. The gladsome spirit in the morning woods is quite contagious. The songs of birds, the bark of the squirrel, the many sounds that come from invisible sources, all conspire to keep the mind in a light and cheerful mood. The

senses of sight and hearing are ever alert, for not a sound do we hear but we fain would spy the maker. It seems as if the exercise of one sense provokes another, and from their pleasant labor comes a corresponding cheerful state of mind.

Near the summit of the hill I met with an incident. Not such a one as would furnish a chapter for a novelist, to be sure, but rather such as would supply an illustration for a comic paper. It was with a bull. A large number of cattle roam at large through these grassy woods and at times are rather unpleasant to meet with. This was a gigantic fellow, of cumbrous build, and with a red glare in his rolling eye that I did not like—a very Ajax of the herd. I was careful to quickly hide from his sight the scarlet lining of a cloak that I carried on my arm, but perhaps too late. All hopes for pacific arrangements vanished when the bull lowered his head, raised his tail, and pawed the ground furiously, preparatory to making a dash. In an instant my mind was made up; then and there I performed an acrobatic feat that would certainly have entitled me to distinction in any circus, ancient or modern; nor must the statement be omitted that a roadside fence, happily within easy reach, played an important part in the exhibition.

On reaching a turn in the road (regained later on) my eyes instinctively sought the old Mission building, standing on its lonely hill. As it had recently undergone what is mistermmed a *res-*

toration, I feared that its beautiful effect on the surrounding landscape might be impaired, but the fear was groundless; its cream colored towers rose as ever, in graceful contrast to the level, deep blue waters of the Carmel Bay, and its star shaped window (though the light came through it no longer) and its many other quaint and suggestive forms of ornamentation made it still a precious object, externally, to the sketcher's eye.

There is something remarkable in the fulness of effect given to a landscape by the presence of a goodly, time-worn building, especially if its history provides material for the meditative mood. It is no more its effect, pictorially, in the scene, than the part it plays in the more subtle, changing pictures that the mind weaves out of the present hours, mingled with stories of the days that are past.

At a farm-house near by I asked to purchase a bowl of milk. It was a long rickety looking building with high peaked gables, facing to east and west, with timbers blackened and bent, and with tufts of moss mottling its sun-warped shingles. Rather a forbidding home, seen from without, but inside all cheerfulness and homely plenty. Not only did I get a bowl of milk, but a bounteous meal besides, for which the generous inmates refused all offers of remuneration.

In the afternoon I resumed my way, going down to the river ford. The Carmel River here empties into the sea. The oldest son of the household accompanied me this far. He was a Goliath in size, his rubber boots, which he had offered me for the fording, tied neatly around his waist, but on me reached up under the armpits. Our appearance at the river side served to disturb a colony of sleeping gulls (whose white plumage almost hid the white sand of the bar.) First one and then another would give a lazy stretch and shake, then a startled, piercing look, and then, with one accord reluctant rise in air. On the sand I found a rare specimen of clustered barnacles, storm-torn from their native rock. My new friend told me that the

creatures inhabiting the cells look exactly like young birds in a nest. The cluster had long been deprived of living occupants. Both inside and out the cells were covered with the slimy coils of the Teredo, the worm so destructive to piers and shipping in the Southern seas.

While I sat on the bank and pulled on the mighty boots, Goliath talked of the hunting and fishing in the neighborhood. "There are thousands of salmon trout," he said, "go up this little stream to spawn. From our house we can hear the splashing, as they try to get over the shallow bar, and sometimes see their silver scales flash in the moonlight. The lampreys go up the river also. The city folks are afraid of them and generally make away when they come near the bank. We hunt deer up in the hill tops there, and that is glorious fun. You cannot imagine how wild it is up there among the spruce woods. There is one peak, back of that ridge, higher than all these hills you see; it is white all over, and they call it Peco Blanco."

There is a writer whose name I cannot just now recall, who in his attempt to prove the theory of the transmigration of soul, brings forward as evidence the feeling of recognition, with which we often look on places, seen by us for the first time; a feeling of familiarity as though we had known them all our lives. Should we not rather attribute this to the scenes themselves being *en rapport* with our mental development, making them seem a part of our being and which had always a place in our lives. Or perhaps it is the past pleasure of an ancestor transmitted to us in some mysterious way, to again be a source of delight on earth. Whatever the cause may be, such a feeling has been mine as I rambled by the shore of the sea this day. A sense of enjoyment that comes but rarely in a lifetime—the trampling of the waves; the howling of the winds; the cries and flight of the sea-fowls, awoke in me sensations that seemed to have their origin in my inmost being.

Across the ford there was a path leading up a hillside and then down again

toward the Still Water Bay. From the top was a view of Lobos Point, whose purple headland I desired to make. So now I went gaily along the path; sometimes walking, more often running. How exhilarating was the fresh sea breeze, the noisy surf and the gay tossing of the countless flowers! It was like a draught of rich old wine. Glorious too, the colors around! Nature ignores our canons of art; her contrasts are most vivid, sometimes most violently given. Such for instance was the deep blue sky, a sun-lit bank of grass and a flaming line of poppies dividing them. Unapproachable by any method of art, and yet how gloriously beautiful. So also was a mass of purple verbenas on a white sand dune, with flowers burning like spots of fire against the shining emerald of the incoming waves.

Skirting a village, the path wound in the most familiar manner across fields and gardens, and at last came out on the headlands. But thrice on the walk I was compelled to ask my way. Once at a roadside bar, where there was a lot of boisterous fellows, (one of which might have served well, as a model, for Hugh, in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*); and next of an old Portuguese, a laborer, sun-tanned, dark as a negro, finally of a Chinaman, busy in his little garden, whose directions were just to the point, an arm stretched out like a guide-board, pointing toward the road. Half a mile further the path terminated abruptly at the edge of a beetling cliff.

From this sequestered spot, there is a view of unusual grandeur. Well did it repay for the trouble in reaching it. Though approaching the sombre in style, the richness of the sea coloring prevents it from being too gloomy. The cliff, a coarse conglomerate, fronts the sea in great circular shelves, which at the water line is hollowed out into holes and caves, where the waves resound with an astonishing roar. Its whole front is stained with earth tints of deep red and yellow, and below the tide line the sea weeds cover shore rocks and stacks with gorgeous coloring.

Looming up in this scene, to the south,

was a dome of rock. It was dim and pale and almost colorless. A grand object to the sight merely, but a thing of dread to the passing mariner. Of wild life there was enough to have animated a far less attractive scene. Shags, gulls, seals, all busy in their several ways. Some great bird, a sea eagle, mayhap, gyrated overhead, and his circling shadow fell now on the land and now on the main. When I emerged from the wood toward the edge of the cliff, a herd of wild looking cattle held possession of the height. My emerging was a signal for a surprise on their part, and a retreat on mine. Congregated across the path they stared wildly at me; half in anger, half in fear. Ready on the instant to dash at the intruder or away from his path, as the first movement of their leader should dictate. With the morning escapade lively in my memory I was well content to leave them uprovoked. Abandoning the path I skirted along the wood edge, leaving the glossy creatures on the meadow, victors without dispute. Of the return walk there is little to say. I had been invited to stay over night at the farm house, and retraced my steps but slowly. In the bush where I had hidden the Goliath's boots, I found a stupid old owl asleep, who took his disturbance with a very ill grace. Twilight over the sea, with Venus shining like Hero's torch across the purple water, ended my red-letter day. *Alfred Lambourne.*

The metric system is about one hundred years old, it having been first proposed in 1790. Since its introduction it has been adopted by the following countries: France, French Colonies, Holland, Dutch Colonies, Belgium, Spain, Spanish Colonies, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Greece, Roumania, Mexico, New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine Confederation, Chili and other South American States, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Venezuela, Hayti, Mauritius, Congo Free State.

Its use is permissive in Great Britain, India, Canada, and the United States.

There are no tables connected with this system; none are necessary; one unit is tenfold another unit. The whole system can be stated in a single sentence: Measure of lengths, in meters; measure of capacities in liters; measure of weights in grammes; using decimal

fractions for divisions. The measure for land is the square of the measure for length, the square of a chain of ten meters giving one hundred square meters as a unit for land measure; and the square of one hundred meters is the agrarian unit, equal to two and a half acres.

JOHN ERICSSON.

JOHN ERICSSON, engineer, is dead. His eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated July 31, last, but in spite of his many years he remained a strong man almost to the very day that ended his life. He had lived almost a hermit for the past twenty-five years in his quaint old brick house, No. 36 Beach Street, New York. His wife died long ago, he had no children, and he devoted all his time to working out new inventions, which numbered some hundreds. His chief claim to the gratitude of the American people is that he built the *Monitor*, the little single-turreted engine of destruction, which discomfited and drove back the Confederate iron-clad *Merrimac*, and so saved the Atlantic seaboard of the Union from devastation.

John Ericsson's life was a marvel of industry. Rising early every day, he never failed to take a regular amount of physical exercise with light, simple apparatus. His food was simple. He used neither tobacco nor liquors. Every night, when he had finished his toil over his plans, his models and his calculations, he took a long walk before going to bed. Like the late William Cullen Bryant, whose friend he was, he never failed to do some hard physical work every day. He never had insomnia. He never was sick. A little more than a week before his death he began to grow weak. His daily walks grew shorter, then stopped. Each day diminished his store of strength, but he worked as hard as ever. His mind was clear, his voice was firm and strong. On the sixth he did not leave his bed. Dr. Boulee and Dr. Markoe visited him and saw that he was near his end. He walked about his room for awhile next

day, but returned to bed. The doctors told him he was going to die. He seemed neither glad nor sorry. Shortly after midnight he fell asleep. It was impossible to say when his spirit passed away.

John Ericsson was born in the province of Wermland, Sweden. His father, Olof Ericsson, was proprietor of mines—his mother, Sophie, being the daughter of an iron-master. Nils, John Ericsson's elder brother, rose to be baron, chief of the state railways, and with his three sons, sat in the Swedish Diet. At the age of ten John Ericsson constructed a miniature saw-mill and a pumping-machine which attracted the notice of Count Platen, chief of the great Swedish ship-canal. At twelve the youthful contriver was made a cadet of mechanical engineers—the following year a leveller on the canal. At seventeen Ericsson entered the army as ensign and rapidly reached a lieutenancy.

When about twenty-two Lieut. Ericsson constructed a flame engine of ten-horse power and journeyed to London to introduce it. Once there he resigned his commission and never returned to his native country, but from it received many honors. In 1867 a great granite monument, quarried by the unpaid labor of the miners, was set up with gala festivities in front of his mansion, inscribed, "John Ericsson was born here in 1803."

During the next few years, in England, Ericsson produced about forty machines of which a third were patented. In 1830 he introduced the link motion for reversing steam-engines. In 1834 he superheated steam in an engine on the Regent's Canal Basin.

His famous calorific engine was produced in 1833. The *Scientific World* of London hailed it with astonishment, and it is to day one of the most useful and economical engines known. In 1837 Ericsson invented the screw propeller. In 1839 he came to America, and in 1841 began to build the Princeton, the first naval vessel that ever carried her machinery under the water-line, out of the reach of hostile shot. The London *Mechanics' Magazine* has said: "The undivided honors of having built the first practical screw steamer the first screw war ship, the first cupola (turret) vessel, belong to John Ericsson."

It was in 1854 that Ericsson first offered the Monitor idea to Louis Napoleon, but without finding it appreciated. Late in 1861 he proposed it to the Federal Navy Department, which was falling into sore straits, and it was accepted promptly. By extraordinary energy and skill the vessel was raised from keel to completion in one hundred days, and was on her way down the coast. The Monitor was a partially submerged armored vessel, with guns in a revolving shot-proof cupola placed centrally on the deck.

March 9, 1862, was a momentous day in Hampton Roads. The Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* had destroyed the Cumberland and Congress, and was proceeding to disperse the remainder of the Government's wooden fleet. The prospect was dark, when suddenly the new ironclad, *Monitor*, on her first trial trip from New York, appeared. Though but a pigmy beside the *Merrimac* and an entire novelty for either land or water—"a chese box on a raft"—the previous day's sore experience of the might and invulnerability of iron-clads insured her a warm welcome. Never had there been a more signal example of the value of a friend in need.

At six p. m. the Confederate flotilla appeared and the drums of the Federal *Minnesota* beat to quarters. But the enemy ran past, as if headed for Fortress Monroe, and came around in the channel by which the *Minnesota* had reached her uncomfortable position. Again all hands

were called, and the *Minnesota*, opening with her stern guns, signalled the *Monitor* to attack, when the undaunted little cheese-box steamed down to the *Merrimac* and laid herself alongside, directly between the *Minnesota* and her assailant. Gun after gun from the *Monitor*, responded to with whole broadsides from the *Merrimac*, produced no more impression than a hailstorm on a mountain cliff, until, tired of thus wasting ammunition, they commenced manœuvring for better position. At this, the *Monitor*, being lighter and more manageable, had decidedly the advantage, and the *Merrimac*, disgusted, renewed her attentions to the *Minnesota*, disregarding a broadside which would have sunk any unplated ship on the globe; and put a shell through the *Minnesota's* side which took four of her rooms into one and set her on fire; but the flames were soon extinguished. By this time the *Minnesota* was raining solid shot upon her assailant, but without effect. Now the little *Monitor* again interposed, compelling the *Merrimac* to change her position, in doing which she grounded, and again a broadside was poured upon her at close range from all the guns of the *Minnesota* that could be brought to bear. The *Merrimac* was soon afloat once more and stood down the bay, chased by the *Monitor*, when suddenly the former turned and ran full speed into her pursuer, giving her a tremendous shock, but inflicting no serious damage. The *Minnesota's* prow grated over the deck of the *Monitor* and was badly cut by it, so that she was not inclined to repeat the experiment. The *Monitor* soon afterwards stood down the roads towards Fortress Monroe, but the *Merrimac* and her tenders did not see fit to pursue her, nor even to renew the attack on the now exposed *Minnesota*; on the contrary they gave up the fight, which they were destined never to renew, and steamed back to Norfolk.

A fleet of iron-clads of the *Monitor* style was built by the Government and did good service, while the idea was widely adopted in Europe. But for the victory of the first Monitor the result of

the war might have been changed and European interference attempted.

Ericsson's latest machine for making war, or rather for eliminating war-ships, was the "Destroyer." This is an iron vessel, one hundred and thirty feet long, carries a submarine sixteen-inch gun thirty feet long, which discharges a projectile weighing one thousand five hundred pounds, and containing three hundred pounds of gun-cotton, against an iron-clad's hull, beneath the customary water-line armor belt, with such effect that the water-tight compartments will

be of no avail. The last years of the inventor's life were devoted to the perfection of the sun motor and to the investigation of the problem of how to make the sun's heat as available as steam in mechanics.

Captain Ericsson leaves many relatives in Sweden. The amount of property he left and the disposition of it are unknown. The body has been embalmed and will be sent to Sweden.

Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling.

MAN'S RELATIONSHIP TO DEITY.

III.

WHAT is most perplexing about the Bible narrative of this work of creation is that two accounts are given of it; and apparently there is an irreconcilable difference between them. In the first chapter of Genesis is a statement of the creation in respect to this earth and the heavens connected with it, from the time it was without form and void until it was a fit dwelling place for man: or, to put it in other words, the account seems to reach from highly attenuated nebulae to the solid earth clothed with its wealth of vegetable and animal life, with man placed upon it as the crowning excellence of the Creator's work. But after this elaborate account of the creation contained in the first chapter of Genesis, we are startled to read in the second chapter—

"These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground."

One naturally pauses here to ask, what had become of the grasses, herbs, and trees spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis? what of the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field? what of man, male and female, of whose creation we have just

read? and of the commandment to multiply and replenish the earth? Is it not strange that after reading of the creation of man in the first chapter that we should be told in the second that there was not a man to till the ground? Proceeding with this second account of creation the Bible says:

"But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food. * * * And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living thing that was the name thereof."

What is especially difficult in this second account of creation is that it reverses the order of that work as given in the first. The first account commences with the formation of the earth from chaotic matter and then records the various steps of progress in succinct and natural order—the same order, too, that science insists upon—up to perfection: the second begins with an account of the creation of man, the planting of a garden as the beginning of vegetable existence, and then the creation of the

fowls of the air and the beasts of the fields.

The writings of Moses as revealed to Joseph Smith, in December, 1830, and now contained in the Pearl of Great Price, make this matter of the creation of man first still more emphatic by saying:

"And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul, *the first flesh upon the earth*, the first man also."

But if these writings of Moses make emphatic the apparent contradiction in these two accounts of creation, they also furnish the key by which the whole matter may be understood, and, as I think, explained. After giving an account of the creation, much as it is contained in the first chapter of Genesis, it is then stated:—

"And behold I say unto you, these are the generations of the heaven and of the earth, when they were created, in the day that I, the Lord God, made the heaven and the earth, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew. For I, the Lord God, created all things, of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. For I, the Lord God, had not caused it to rain upon the face of the earth. And I, the Lord God, had created all the children of men; and not yet a man to till the ground; for in heaven created I them; and there was not yet flesh upon the earth; neither in the water, neither in the air; but I, the Lord God, spake, and there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul, the first flesh upon the earth, the first man also; nevertheless, all things were before created, but, spiritually, were they created and made according to my word.*

As to the character of this spiritual creation nothing is known; nothing, so far as I know, has been revealed in relation to it. Here let me say, by way of caution, that those who accept the revelations of God as truth need not be alarmed or worried if they meet with things in the sacred writings that they cannot explain or understand, as in the

case of this spiritual creation of the heavens and the earth which preceded the natural, or what we regard as the actual creation of the earth. In this and in all cases of like character we claim for those who accept the revelations of holy writ for facts what Professor Huxley claims for those who build up theories on their conception of facts in nature, *viz*—"There is a wide difference between the thing you cannot explain and the thing which upsets your theory altogether." This idea is a pendulum which should swing just as high for the believer in revelation as for the scientist. Not that there is anything wrong with revelation, the difficulty arises from our inability to comprehend it; but when increased intelligence shall give us enlarged views and keener powers of penetration, we shall then find that the revelations of God are in strict accord with the facts in the case, and perfectly simple however incomprehensible they may have seemed to us in the day when we saw as through a glass darkly. But this is a digression.

Though we cannot understand the nature of this spiritual creation, yet to learn that the first account of the creation in the Bible is of a spiritual creation and the second of an actual or natural one, gives some comfort, from the fact that it does away with all charges of inconsistency or contradiction between the two accounts. For since they are descriptions of two different things instead of one thing, there is nothing in the law of consistency requiring the accounts of different events to be alike.

In these articles, however, what turns out to be an account of the spiritual creation of the earth has been spoken of and treated as the natural or actual creation.* It has been treated so

* I do not wish in making this distinction between the spiritual and natural creations, and in using the word "actual" to be understood as implying that the spiritual creation was *not* an actual creation. It may have been just as tangible and actual as the creation on which we walk. I only use the expression to make a distinction between the natural and spiritual creations.

*Pearl of Great Price, p. 6.

purposely, because I believe the natural in the order of its creation and development corresponded with the creation and development of the spiritual. Furthermore, I believe the account in the first chapter of Genesis could be safely accepted as the announcement of the general plan of creation, not only of our planet but of all worlds; and in it will be found ample scope for the belief that the earth came into existence by the accretion of nebulous matter; that it took thousands of years, yea, millions, perhaps, for the condensation and solidification of that matter; granting as long periods as geologists may demand for the formation of the earth's crust; that then followed the changes which were wrought during the six great periods named in Genesis; beginning with the production of light, and ending with placing man upon the completed planet as its lord and sovereign under God.

The careful reader of this paper will say, however, that the statements in the last paragraph permits all the old difficulties to surge back upon us; all the old apparent inconsistencies between the first and second accounts of creation in Genesis remain unreconciled. For if the natural creation of our planet corresponded to the spiritual creation of it, the spiritual standing in the same relationship to the natural as the well devised plan of the architect does to the actual erection of a building—then the account given of the spiritual creation of our earth may as well be regarded as the account of the actual creation of it also. But this leaves all the difficulties between the two accounts of creation in the Bible untouched, and we must look to other facts than those yet considered if we would see them removed.

The Prophet Joseph Smith is credited with having said that our planet was made up of the fragments of a planet which previously existed; some mighty convulsions disrupted that creation and made it desolate. Both its animal and vegetable life forms were destroyed. And when those convulsions ceased,

and the rent earth was again consolidated, and it became desirable to replenish it, the work was begun by making a mist to rise that it might descend in gentle rain upon the barren earth, that it might again be fruitful. Then came one of the sons of God* to the earth—Adam. A garden was planted in Eden and the man placed in it, and there the Lord brought to him every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and Adam gave names to them all. Afterwards was brought to Adam his wife, whom, since she was derived from man, he named woman; and she became his help-mate, his companion and the mother of his children. In this nothing is hinted at about man being made from the dust, and woman manufactured from a rib, a story which has been a cause of much perplexity to religious people, and a source of much impious merriment to reckless unbelievers. We are informed that the Lord God made every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb before it grew† on our planet. As vegetation was created or made to grow upon some older earth, and the seeds thereof or the plants themselves were brought to our earth and made to grow, so likewise man and his help-mate were brought from some older world to our own, to people it with their children. And though it is said that the "Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground"—it by no means follows that he was "formed" as one might form a brick, or from the dust of this earth. We are all "formed" of the dust of the ground, though instead of being moulded as a brick we are brought forth by the natural laws of procreation; so also was Adam and his wife in some older world. And as for the story of the rib, under

*Lest any one should doubt that Adam was one of the sons of God, I call attention to the verse of Luke, iii chapter; where, in tracing the genealogy of Jesus back to Adam, and coming to Cainan it goes on to say that "he (Cainan) was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."

† Genesis ii, 4, 5.

it I believe the mystery of procreation is hidden.

Of the things I have spoken, this is the sum: There was a planet created on the plan of the spiritual creation described in the first chapter of Genesis; beginning with the condensation of nebulous matter to a "fire ball," then the cooling of the surface and thickening of the earth's crust, and the envelopment of it in water; then came light, and by internal eruptions portions of land were thrown above the surface of the water—"the dry land appeared;" then came the simpler forms of vegetation; then the sunlight visited the earth, and doubtless higher forms of vegetation, fruit-trees and flowers and grains were brought forth; then came the creatures that abound in the ocean, that fly in the air, and the beasts of the earth. Not by the process of evolution, but by the various species suitable to the condition of the earth's development being brought from some other and older sphere, with power to propagate their kind, until the changed conditions of the earth become unfavorable to them, when they became extinct and were replaced by other species of a higher type. Then came the mighty convulsions which, for some cause or other, and doubtless for some wise purpose, disrupted that planet; and when from its fragments a new world—our present planet—was brought into existence, it was made the abode of man, as described in the second account of the creation in Genesis, which begins by placing man upon the earth and then the inferior animals.

Accepting this statement of Joseph Smith's, relative to our planet in its present state being created or formed from the fragments of a planet which previously existed, one may readily understand how the supposed differences between scientists and believers in revelation have arisen. Scientists have been talking of the earth's stratta that was formed in a previously existing planet; they have considered the fossilized flora and fauna imbedded in those stratta, and have speculated as to the probable elapse of time since those animal and

vegetable forms of life existed; and have generally concluded that the age is so far remote that there is no possible chance of harmonizing it with the account of the creation as given in the Bible. Believers in the Bible, on the other hand, have generally taken it for granted that the account of the creation in the sacred record, would give to the earth no greater antiquity than six thousand years; and have held that within that period the universe was created out of nothing by the volition of Deity—an idea so palpably absurd that intelligence, despite all Church authority to the contrary, everywhere rejects it.

The theory set forth in this paper that before Adam was placed upon this earth to people it with his offspring, the matter of which it is composed existed in another planet, which by some mighty convulsions was broken up, and from its ruins was formed our present earth, at once affords a means of harmonizing those facts established by the researches of men and the facts of revelation. If scientists shall claim that myriads of years or of centuries must have been necessary to form the earth's crust, it may be allowed by the believers in revelation, for there is nothing that would contradict that idea in the revelations of God on the subject. If scientists shall claim that the fossilized remains in the different stratta of the earth's crust reveal the fact that in the earlier periods of the earth's existence only the simpler forms of vegetation and animal life are to be found, both forms of life becoming more complex and of higher type as the earth becomes older, until it is crowned with the presence of man—all that may be allowed. But that this gradation of animal and vegetable life owes its existence to the processes of evolution is denied. As explained in a previous paper the claims of evolution are contrary to all experience so far as man's knowledge extends. The great law of nature is that every plant, herb, fish, fowl, beast and man produces his kind, though there may be slight variations from that law, those variations soon run out either by reverting to the

'original stock, or else by becoming incapable of producing offspring, and thus become extinct.*

Furthermore, since we have learned that God made "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb before it grew" (*i. e.* in our earth), the gradation of life forms which the naturalists discovers in the various strata of the earth's crust may reason-

* Since writing the first paper of this series, in which the subject of evolution was treated at some length, I have found some remarks on the subject by the late President John Taylor, which cannot fail to be of interest to the student of the subject: "The animal and vegetable creations are governed by certain laws, and are composed of certain elements peculiar to themselves. This applies to man, to beasts, fowls fish and creeping things, to the insects and to all animated nature; each one possessing its own distinctive features; each requiring a specific sustenance, each having an organism and faculties governed by prescribed laws to perpetuate, its own kind. * * * These principles do not change, as represented by evolutionists of the Darwinian school, but the primitive organisms of all living beings exist in the same form as when they first received their impress from their Maker. There are, indeed, some very slight exceptions, as for instance, the ass may mix with the mare and produce the mule; but there it ends, the violation of the laws of procreation receives a check, and its operations can go no further. Similar compounds may possibly be made by experimentalists in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, but the original elements remain the same. Yet this is not the normal, but an abnormal condition with them, as with animals, birds, etc.; and if we take man, he is said to have been made in the image of God, for the simple reason that he is the son of God; and being His son, he is, of course, his offspring, an emanation from God, in whose likeness we are told he is made. He did not originate from a chaotic mass of matter, moving or inert, but came forth possessing, in an embryonic state, all the faculties and powers of a God. And when he shall be perfected, and have progressed to maturity he will be like his Father—a God, being indeed his offspring. As the horse, the ox, the sheep and every living creature, including man, propagates its own species and perpetuates its own kind, so does God perpetuate His.—*Mediation and Atonement*, pp. 164, 165.

ably be accounted for aside from the theory of evolution—viz, by the animal and vegetable life forms of some older earth being brought to our own; different species being transplanted as changed conditions in the soil and atmosphere and temperature of our earth rendered it favorable to their production, the older species becoming extinct as the changed conditions of the earth became unfavorable to them.

Then too, the theory advanced in this paper gives ample room for the reconciliation of another serious difficulty between the scientist and the believer in revelation. To the latter Adam is the first man; the former maintains that there are evidences which prove the earth to have been inhabited before Adam's time. Whether or not the planet which existed previous to our own, and out of the ruins of which our own earth was organized was inhabited by man as well as by vegetation and animals, I cannot say; all remarks on this subject would be conjecture merely. But if the researches of scientists prove beyond all question that there were pre-Adamic races, then doubtless they were inhabitants of that world which was destroyed, but the evidence of their existence as well as the evidence of the existence of animals and vegetation was preserved in the re-creation of that planet to form this earth. Though, in this connection, I must say that so far as I have examined the works of those who treat on the subject of pre-historic man, or pre-Adamic races, they have hung the heaviest weights on the slenderest of threads; and I am inclined to the opinion that Adam was the progenitor of all races of men whose remains have yet been found.

So much then for the different theories as to the origin of things pertaining to our earth; as to the beginning of the universe, that is beyond the scope of this enquiry, and may be dismissed by saying that it had no beginning. We conclude this part by quoting one of our hymns:*

* L. D. S. Hymn Book, 252, 17 ed.

If you could hie to Kolob,†
 In th' twinkling of an eye,
 And then continue onward,
 With that same speed to fly,
 D'ye think that you could ever,
 Through all eternity,
 Find out the generation
 Where Gods began to be?
 Or see the grand beginning,
 Where space did not extend?
 Or view the last creation,
 Where Gods and matter end?

† A planet near the residence of God.—Book
 of Abraham, Pearl of Great Price, p. 30.

Methinks the Spirit whispers—
 No man has found "pure space,"
 Nor seen the outside curtains
 Where nothing has a place.

The works of God continue,
 And worlds and lives abound;
 Improvement and progression
 Have one eternal round.

We may now turn our attention to the
 more immediate object of these articles
 —the relationship between man and
 Deity.

B. H. Roberts.

MATERIAL FOR A FUTURE MACAULAY.

One of Macaulay's famous passages is his description of the spectacle of Warren Hastings' trial. It is an admirable illustration of that glowing rhetoric which, giving every richly decorated detail of fact and allusion and suggestion, gradually rises into a work in literature which is like one of Paul Veronese's pictures in art, presenting a great feast, with profuse wealth of costume and stately architecture, corridor and gallery opening to the sky, and picturesque grouping of the human form. The trial of Hastings had been often described. But the accounts were like the dry record of a catalogue or the summary mention of a newspaper. Macaulay had no new material. He dealt with the old familiar facts. But the sensitive eye of the literary artist saw the pictorial possibility of the details, and by choosing each of them, coloring it in due relation to the rest, and mingling and fitting all of them together, he produced the page which makes the famous spectacle visible to every reader, and, because of the interpreter, more impressive than to those who were its living parts.

An event recently occurred, also before an English tribunal, which, from its relation to imperial politics, and from its singularly dramatic circumstance and probable consequences, must become historic. It had not all the elements which Macaulay brought so dexterously

and effectively into his picture, but its significance and results will undoubtedly make it one of the striking passages of contemporary English annals. Before the Special Commission England and Ireland were practically summoned. There is nothing more typically and traditionally English than the London *Times*, and in Parnell the cause of Ireland is now embodied. The haughty, insular and unreasoning English intolerance of the Irish movement as a scheme of reckless and unprincipled demagogues to aggrandize themselves and to annoy England, to foment discontent and to divide the empire, and therefore a movement summarily to be suppressed, has found its expression in the *Times*, which finally brought the case against Parnell to a distinct charge of complicity with crime.

This was what the England represented by the *Times* believed. It felt that directly or indirectly Parnell was responsible for the Phœnix Park assassinations and for the outrages of every kind which have marked the long agitation. To prove this fact the *Times* relied upon letters which it had published, and to show that Parnell wrote them was to ruin him totally, and to brand the Irish movement as a base and murderous conspiracy. But not to prove this was an alternative which apparently the *Times* had not considered.

To prove it would unquestionably destroy Parnell. But not to prove it would ruin the *Times*.

When at last, therefore, the trial to establish this fact began, the English press and all witnesses agreed that the trial was the absorbing subject of the national attention. The alleged crimes of Hastings had been committed in a remote country for which England had no sympathy, and which it regarded as properly subjected by its power. Hastings, if guilty of rapacity and cruelty, had been cruel to those who in the English feeling probably deserved nothing better, and if he had enriched himself, he had added vastly to English treasure and English renown. Doubtless there was a strong British feeling for Hastings, which Clive described as his own when, under similar circumstances of opportunity, which he had improved, he said that he only wondered at his own moderation.

Parnell, on the other hand, who is not personally nor to the imagination a heroic figure, represented a cause with which traditional English feeling for centuries has had no sympathy, and whose recent adoption by a political party has but deepened and embittered the traditional impatience. Neither Parnell's personality nor his cause, neither the magic of distance nor the consciousness of national gain through his agency, invested him with any halo. Impassive, cold, disliked even to detestation, he conciliated no sympathy and moved no admiration among his opponents. But just as the most powerful engine of hostile opinion seemed about to deal Parnell and Ireland an annihilating blow, the engine itself suddenly fell in ruins, and amid the catastrophe of the *Times* Mr. Parnell stood, still impassive, cold, and calm, but transformed even in the view of his enemies from a criminal conspirator to an honest patriot.

The drama culminated when the great English leader of Parliament—the Parliament of which Irish leaders in long succession for many a year had vainly asked a hearing and justice—arose as

Mr. Parnell entered and bowed to him as to Majesty itself. It was probably an instinctive, not a premeditated act, in which the lieutenants of the leader joined. But it was symbolical of the assent of England to the demand of Ireland. After the long and dreary history, beginning how far back, and coming through exasperation and blood and crime and suffering unspeakable to the present year, the bow of Gladstone was the signal that the travail was accomplished. But that nothing should be wanting happily and fully to complete the scene, Mr. Parnell, still impassive, cold, and calm, unnoting the acclamation that saluted him, yet as if in acknowledgment and justification of the whole significance of the greeting, dissipated the strength of the relentless hostility that has misconceived and misrepresented his cause by saying quietly that all which Ireland asked England could grant without diminishing her imperial sovereignty, which she was quite powerful enough to maintain.

Here was the soft answer that turneth away wrath, soft but true, and spoken in the very moment of absolute triumph. Mr. Parnell repeated it at the banquet of the Eighty Club, at which the chief leaders of the Liberal party excepting Mr. Gladstone, assembled to honor him. Lord Spencer said that they paid homage to his forbearance, his dignity, his patience—qualities worthy of a great leader; and Mr. Parnell said, "The way to govern Ireland within the constitution is to allow her to govern herself in all matters that do not interfere with the well-being of the rest of the empire with which Ireland is indissolubly connected." He might well have added, "If that be separateism, make the most of it."

Meanwhile the change in public sentiment was at once evident. General indignation was shown because of the aid given by government to the *Times*, whose case rested wholly upon the word of a liar and forger, who, relentlessly exposed as infamous by a cross-examination of consummate ability, confessed his infamy, then went out and

killed himself. This impression upon the public mind of England was profound; and even Mr. Froude, one of the most resolute opponents of home rule, admits the state of English feeling upon the subject to be such that the experiment must be tried. Great meetings are called to demand the dissolution of Parliament, and the invincible faith of Mr. Gladstone seems to approach fulfillment.

These are scenes and incidents which

some future Maculay may paint with all the splendor of rhetoric as illustrations of a career greater than that of Warren Hastings, because, instead of enlarging the British Empire by crimes which were pardoned to magnificent gains, it extended the justice and wisdom of that empire, and extinguished in the Irish heart the long hatred of England. — *George William Curtis, in Editor's Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine for May.*

THE FAUST OF THE TALMUD.

WHO would think that the old legend of Dr. Faustus, one of mankind's primitive nursery tales, could be read between the lines of that repository of wit and wisdom, mirth and marvel, the Talmud? Let the reader judge whether Faust, Margaret and Mephistopheles are not in some degree suggested by the Solomon, Naama and Ashmodai of the following Talmudic legend.

Solomon, the king, to whom God had given power over the whole creation, and whose knowledge encompassed all things, was in despair. The divine word had been pronounced that no iron was to be employed in building the temple, and how was he to erect a suitable edifice without the aid of iron? How could he crush huge masses of marble? How split adamantine rock? How cleave hard bowlders of wood? The work had to be done. It was his duty and privilege as David's son. The resources of a mighty realm were at his service. But without the employment of iron he could not advance a step. Was he, the sovereign of Israel, to abandon the undertaking? Were his wisdom and his wealth in vain?

"Let my counselors be summoned," the monarch said. And he laid his perplexities before them. All were silent when Solomon concluded his recital. They too shared his chagrin and realized their helplessness. "Can none of you aid me?" the king exclaimed.

"O king!" said at length one of the

sages, "there is something mightier far than iron. In the early days of creation, when light and darkness struggled for the mastery, the Almighty called into life a tiny worm, Shamir, which possesses the property of splitting the hardest rock."

"And where lurks this worm?" Solomon impatiently asked.

"Ah, your majesty," the sage exclaimed, "there is the difficulty. No mortal spirit has yet discovered its hiding place."

"That shall not baffle me," Solomon rejoined. "I am more than mortal."

He dismissed the assembly. The courtiers and sages departed. But no sooner had their footsteps died away than Solomon, arising from his throne and gazing at his dazzling signet ring, upon which was written the ineffable name, summoned to his presence two genii. With a rushing as of a mighty wind and a rumbling as of an earthquake they bowed before him,

"What is thy will, O master?" they exclaimed.

"Tell me where can I find the shamir."

The genii trembled. "Ask us not, O master. It is our king alone, Ashmodai, who knows its secret abode."

"And where does Ashmodai live?" Solomon inquired.

"Far, far from here," they replied. "Our monarch dwells upon the crest of a lofty mountain. He has dug out a deep pit, which he has filled with water

and covered with a huge stone securely sealed to the ground. Daily he ascends to heaven and returns to earth. Then he closely examines the seal to see whether any one has touched it and uncovered the well. Afterward he opens it himself, quenches his thirst, covers it again and reaffixes the seal."

"Enough!" cried Solomon. "Ye can go." And with a rushing as of a fierce hurricane and a rumbling as of a mighty earthquake the genii departed. In a moment Solomon called his trusty captain Benaiah, the hero of a hundred battles. He told him what he wanted, gave him certain directions, a chain, and a seal upon which was stamped the ineffable name, and in addition some wool, and various skins filled with wine. He then bade him farewell, with many a secret prayer for his success.

The warrior's journey was long and toilsome. When Solomon traveled he rode upon the wind. Seated on his mantle and green silk, sixty miles in breadth and sixty in length, the king would journey with the rapidity of lightning. He could breakfast in Damascus and enjoy his evening meal in Media, so swift was his flight from east to west. Not so Benaiah. Many days passed before he reached the designated path. And how desolate the mountain, how profound the stillness, how steep the ascent!

Nothing daunted, Benaiah set to work. He dug out a second pit a little to the right of Ashmodai's, drained off the water, and plugged the opening with wool. Then he dug out another pit higher up, whose channel led to the emptied pit of Ashmodai, and therein he poured the wine.

His work completed, Benaiah looked around with satisfaction, and hid himself behind a stump of wood while he awaited, full of impatience, Ashmodai's arrival.

The sun sank, the shadows of evening began to fall, and the stars shone out in their niches in the firmament. Ashmodai flew down from heaven, examined the seal, and finding it untouched, raised the stone and descended into the well.

What fragrance assailed his senses. It was wine, joy-dispensing wine! Shall he taste it, or spurn the temptation?

"Wine is a mocker," he exclaimed, and was about to fly from the spot. "But wine rejoiceth the heart," was his next thought, and he could not flee. A great burning thirst overpowered him. He quaffed whole mouthfuls of the intoxicating drink. Again and again he strove to break from the spell, but the fumes of the liquor were too enticing. His brain became confused; he staggered and fell. Deep sleep claimed him for its own.

Like a flash Benaiah sprang from his concealment, and fastened a chain around Ashmodai's neck.

Ashmodai awakes at length. He perceives the chain, and in his terror and anguish utters so wild a lamentation that the mountain trembles. In vain he strives to free himself. His eyes emit sparks of fire, his lips are white with foam, his convulsive struggles are frightful in their agony. The birds fly from the scene: the stars fade in the distant sky.

"Be patient, O mighty spirit," Benaiah exclaimed. "Thy struggles are useless. The ineffable Name is upon thee. Be still!"

Ashmodai heaved a sigh so profound that all creation heard and trembled; and the genii of the sea and the air flew into their innermost caverns, where they bewailed the fate of their master.

"I am calm," said Ashmodai at last. "I shall obey thy will."

Benaiah bade him follow, but, wherever he went, destruction seemed to be his companion. Uprooted trees and overturned houses marked his path, as if he wished to wreak vengeance on nature. He passed a wedding party, and he wept at their joy. In three days, said he, the bridegroom will die. They hear a man bid a shoemaker make his shoes last for seven years, and Ashmodai bursts into laughter. "In seven days," he said, "that man may die, and he orders shoes for seven years."

King Solomon's palace was gained at length, and Ashmodai was brought face to face with the monarch.

"I ask but this of thee," Solomon exclaimed. "I am to build the holy temple and need the shamir. Tell me where it is concealed."

"I have it not," Ashmodai answered. "It is intrusted to the Prince of the Sea, and by him confided to a fowl, who is bound by a most solemn oath to retain it unharmed for all time. High on a solitary mountain top the fowl has made his nest. He never forsakes the spot. Seek for him, O, king."

Again Benaiah was summoned, and again he set out on a toilsome journey. Over hill and sea he wandered, across forest wastes and pathless meadows; and at last, upon the summit of a mountain so near the sky that the star gleams seemed reflected on its rocky sides, he discovered the fowl's nest. With a cry of joy he started forward, and placed a glass over the nest so that the fowl could see but not touch its brood. He then concealed himself behind a rock.

He had not long to wait. Soon the fowl came to the spot, and finding the hard glass, was about to apply the shamir to split it, and thus gain access to his brood, when Benaiah uttered a startling cry. In alarm the fowl dropped the shamir, which was caught in triumph by Benaiah, and given in due course to Solomon.

The temple was completed, and Ashmodai still was held in bondage. Solomon rioted in his glory and strength. What treasures did he gather, what places erect, what magnificent cities establish? The world was ransacked to add to his pleasures, yet he was never satisfied. His ambition, his pride, his love of grandeur and extravagance, were unquenchable.

"O king," said Ashmodai one day, as he noticed Solomon in a restless mood, "thou art become, thanks to my help, the mightiest of mortals. But, chained as I am, my powers are limited. Set me free, intrust to me but for a moment thy signet ring, and I shall make thee still mightier."

The king heard, and, full of boastful pride, handed him the precious ring and struck off the chain that bound him.

The air grew black without the palace hall. A huge hissing made Solomon turn pale. Ashmodai rose to an immense height. His feet touched the earth, but his head reached the sky. He hurls the ring into the sea; he casts Solomon a thousand miles away. Then, with the utmost unconcern, he dons Solomon's robes and assumes the monarch's privilege.

Thus began the tragedy of Solomon's wanderings. As a beggar, unknown and uncared for, he traveled from land to land.

Spurned by the populace, thrust from his palace gate, despised and rejected, Solomon turned in despair from Jerusalem; and one evening as its towers were bathed in the moonlight he began his wanderings anew.

Toward the royal city of Ammon he betook himself, and soon arrived at the palace, at whose gate he knocked as humbly as the lowest slave in the realm.

"Take pity on me," said he, in tones of entreaty, as the gate was opened. "I am starving and foot-sore from travel. I am willing to do any service for a little shelter."

"I do need help," the royal cook exclaimed. "Enter, and thou canst abide with us."

It was Solomon's duty to carry wood, to draw water, and perform other menial service, but the cook quickly noticed that the man was superior to such work, and the cook made him his assistant.

The dishes that Solomon prepared pleased the king, and he was appointed chief steward. How the household rejoiced at the advancement! but none with greater pride than Naama, the lovely daughter of the king, a fair and stately maiden, whose heart had gone out to Solomon. And Solomon reciprocated her affection; he sang to her thrilling songs of love. He compared her beauty to Jerusalem, and bade her turn away her eyes lest they might undo him in their splendor. He prayed for the shadows to flee and the day to dawn—the shadows of servitude and the day of restoration to his throne. Then, as his

tones of sadness made her countenance troubled, he changed his mood and exclaimed:

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm,
For love is as strong as death.

The secret of their love could not long remain concealed. Despite Naama's entreaties, Solomon was condemned to death, and it was only her mother's tears that influenced the king to sentence him instead to life long exile in the desert.

In the solitude of the wilderness, Solomon's heart was chastened at last, his proud boastful spirit purified. God seemed nearer to him in his loneliness than when he reveled in Jerusalem. Was it his pure love for Naama which had worked the change, or his long continued wanderings and sufferings? He felt a different man. Hope sprang anew in his heart, not of power or earthly aggrandizement, but a hope of higher things which are deathless like the stars—wisdom, love, righteousness.

"I thank thee, my Creator," he cried, as he bowed in prayer. "Thou hast taught me the lesson. Thou art the King of kings alone. Blessed be thy holy name."

Full of wondrous peace, although his raiment was tattered, he left the desert and entered a city by the sea. A fisherman approached and offered a fish for sale. He purchased it with his last coin, and, opening it, found therein his holy signet ring, which Ashmodai had cast into the sea.

But little remains to be told. How Solomon regained his regal splendor, how he married the faithful Naama, how he confronted Ashmodai, the usurper, and made him vanish at the sight of the ring; how he assembled the Sanhedrim and told them all his trials and triumphs—is it not all written between the lines in the Talmud? But while the people soon forgot the romance and the tragedy, and the story of the king's return became only a nine days' wonder, Solomon himself never lost the impressions of those years of wandering. A certain fear never left his mind,

and in the night time, so the Song of Songs relates, his couch was guarded by sixty armed men.—*Abram S. Isaac, in Harper's Bazar.*

THE EXTERMINATION OF THE BUFFALO.—At the present time, outside of the National Park, where about two hundred and sixty buffaloes are now harbored, there are not over three hundred, probably not as many, left in the United States. The survivors of this magnificent race of animals are scattered in little bunches in several localities. There are about one hundred in Montana, or at least there were a year ago, some at the head of Dry Creek and the remainder at the head of Porcupine Creek. In Wyoming there are a few stragglers from the National Park, which, when chased, run back there for protection. In the mountains of Colorado last summer there were two bunches of mountain bison, one of twenty-five head and the other of eleven. These have probably been killed. There are none in Dakota, though eighteen months ago thirty were known to be there. It was estimated in 1887 that there were twenty-seven in Nebraska, and about fifty more scattered in the western part of Indian Territory and Kansas. Those in Nebraska have since been killed by the Sioux. Of the thousands that once inhabited Texas, only two small bunches remain. Thirty-two head are near the Ratons, in the northwestern part of the Panhandle, and eight in the sand-hills on the Staked Plains north of the Pecos River. These were seen and counted on the first of April of last year. This estimate of the remnant of a great race is believed to be essentially correct. It was obtained from reliable and well-informed persons throughout the West, and in part from personal observation during the past years.—*Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

Money is good; money is important, but wealth is not for the prophet or teacher who would rightly lead men up to a higher plane of thought and action.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY,

MAY, 1889.

THE CONFERENCE.

THE April Conference was one of unusual interest to the Latter-day Saints. For several years, in consequence of the persecutions that have been conducted by the judicial officers of government in the Territory, it has been unsafe for a number of the leading Apostles of the Church to appear in public, and their absence from the general conferences, has had the effect of lessening the popular interest in those occasions. But at the late conference it was understood that nine of the Twelve Apostles would be present, through the liberation of some who had served terms of imprisonment and the release of others on examination before the commissioners. It was also anticipated that action would be taken to again organize the quorum of the First Presidency. The result was an immense congregation of Saints from every Stake in Zion. Presidents of Stakes, Bishops and other representative men, together with many thousands of the people assembled in the Tabernacle and listened with eager ears to the excellent instructions and counsel of their leaders. There were present of the Twelve Apostles, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Franklin D. Richards, George Q. Cannon, Moses Thatcher, Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith, Heber J. Grant and John W. Taylor, an Counselor Daniel H. Wells; Apostle Brigham Young, Joseph F. Smith and George Teasdale, and Counselor John W. Young being absent.

Elder Lyman was released from an eighty-five day term of imprisonment in time to attend the meetings of the third day, April 8, and was warmly welcomed by the Saints.

On Sunday afternoon the congregation was seated in order, forming the General Assembly of the Church, for the purpose of electing and sustaining the general

authorities. These were presented and unanimously sustained in the following order:

Wilford Woodruff, as prophet, seer and revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world.

George Q. Cannon as his first and Joseph F. Smith as his second counselor.

Lorenzo Snow, President, F. D. Richards, Brigham Young, Moses Thatcher, Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith, George Teasdale, Heber J. Grant and John W. Taylor, members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, John W. Young and Daniel H. Wells, counselors, John Smith, Patriarch.

Henry Herriman, Jacob Gates, C. D. Fjeldsted, John Morgan, Abram H. Cannon, Seymour B. Young and B. H. Roberts, First Seven Presidents of Seventies.

Wm. B. Preston, Presiding Bishop, Robert T. Burton and John R. Winder, counselors.

The impressive ceremony was conducted with great decorum and deep interest manifested by the vast assemblage of Church officials and members.

The spirit of the conference was one of great comfort and enjoyment to the people who had come together with hearts chastened by the persecutions of their enemies, and humbled by the manifest favor and blessing of God. In concluding the conference President Woodruff pronounced the following blessing and benediction:

I feel thankful that I have lived and had the privilege of attending this fifty-ninth annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is nearly fifty years since I was ordained into the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and the Lord has told us while occupying these positions and holding the keys of the Kingdom of God, that whomsoever you bless shall be blessed, and whomsoever you shall curse shall be cursed. I have never seen a moment in my life since I have been a member of this Church and Kingdom when I felt like cursing anybody, and I would not

wish to do so unless I was commanded of the Lord. I have had a desire to bless my friends, and at this time, when I have the right and privilege, I feel to bless my brethren, my counselors, my brethren of the Twelve Apostles; and I feel to bless in the name of the Lord also the Patriarchs, Presidents of Stakes, the High Councilors, and those who bear the Holy Priesthood, even the High Priesthood throughout the land of Zion. Likewise the Seventies, Elders of Israel who are called as messengers to the nations of the earth, the Bishopric, the lesser Priesthood, and all the Saints of God who dwell in our midst. I feel to bless the Primary associations—our little children; I feel to bless the Sabbath schools, the teachers and pupils; the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Relief Societies, and all those organizations which have been established by the hand of God and by His power, His helps in the building up and establishing of the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth. All these I feel to bless in the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, even so, Amen.

A PROPHETIC INCIDENT.

In the April number of the *Century* is a well-written and profusely illustrated article on the Inauguration of Washington, by Clarence Winthrop Bowen. Among the illustrations is a *fac-simile* of the page of the Bible on which Washington laid his hand while taking the oath of office, and it is to this that I wish specially to call attention.

It was Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, one of the committee of five appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence, who administered the oath of office to Washington. "Just before the oath was to be administered," says Mr. Bowen, "it was discovered that no Bible was in Federal Hall. Luckily Livingston, a Grand Master of Free Masons, knew that there was one at St. John's Lodge in the City Assembly Rooms near by, and a messenger was dispatched to borrow the Bible, which is to-day the

No. 1,

the third oldest lodge in the United States."

In further describing the solemn ceremonies of that occasion the *Century* article says:

"Secretary Otis of the Senate held before him [Washington] a red velvet cushion, upon which rested the open Bible of St. John's Lodge. 'You do solemnly swear,' said Livingston, 'that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.' 'I do solemnly swear,' said Washington, 'that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.' He then bowed his head and kissed the sacred book, and with the deepest feelings uttered the words, 'So help me God!'"

The page of the Bible which Washington kissed, and on which his hand rested while taking the oath, is indicated in the Bible of St. John's Lodge by the leaf being turned down. A copper-plate engraving is on the opposite page illustrating the blessings of Zebulun and Issachar as pronounced upon them by the patriarch Jacob in Genesis xlix, thirteenth and fourteenth verses respectively. The page on which Washington's hand rested contains part of chapter forty-nine of Genesis, beginning with the thirteenth verse; and also part of the fiftieth chapter down to verse eight inclusive. The particular thing which struck me as being a remarkable circumstance is that the page indicated contains the blessing of Jacob upon the head of his favorite son Joseph, which reads as follows:

"22. Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a wall, whose branches run over the wall.

"23. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him.

"24. But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; from thence is the shepherd the stone of Israel.

"25. Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee, and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts and of the womb.

"26. The blessings of thy father have pre-

vailed above the blessings of my progenitors, unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separated from his brethren."

To the Latter-day Saints the blessing of Joseph has a particular significance, for the reason that they, more than any other people, are familiar with his descendants, and the blessing promised them in which also they hope to participate. The Book of Mormon is a history, chiefly, of the descendants of Joseph; and in the mighty nations which have peopled the American continent, the Latter-day Saints see, in part, the fulfillment of the great blessings pronounced upon his head.

The brass plates which were taken by the colony of Lehi from Jerusalem, and which they brought with them to America, contained a genealogy and from that Lehi learned he was a descendant of Joseph. Nephi describes the matter thus:

"And it came to pass that my father, Lehi, also found upon the plates of brass, a genealogy of his fathers; wherefore he knew he was a descendant of Joseph; yea even that Joseph who was the son of Jacob, who was sold into Egypt, and who was preserved by the hand of the Lord, that he might preserve his father Jacob, and all his household from perishing with famine."—I Nephi v, 14.

In the early wanderings of the above named colony, before it had left the wilderness of Arabia for America, the Lord in speaking with Nephi said to him:

"Blessed art thou, Nephi, because of thy faith, for thou hast sought me diligently, with lowliness of heart. And in as much as ye shall keep my commandments ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; yea, even a land which I have prepared for you, yea a land, which is choice above all other lands."—I Nephi ii, 19, 20.

Ever after this time the land to which this colony was being led, and upon which it finally located, was spoken of among them as the land of promise. When the Messiah appeared among the descendants of this colony in America, which he did after his resurrection and shortly after he left his disciples in Jerusalem, he referred to these people being

descendants of Joseph and also to this land of promise which they had received. He chose twelve apostles on the continent of America as he had chosen a like number in Judea to be special witnesses for him, and in a conversation he had with them he said:

"Ye are my disciples; and ye are a light unto this people, who are a remnant of the house of Joseph, and behold, this is the land [America] of your inheritance; and the father hath given it unto you. And not at any time hath the father given me commandment that I should tell it unto your brethren at Jerusalem. * * *

This much did the father command me, that I should tell unto them: That other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.† * * * And verily, I say unto you, that ye are they of whom I said other sheep I have who are not of this fold, etc."—III Nephi xv, 11—22.

Nothing can be clearer than that the family of Lehi and his posterity, which grew into a mighty people, a great nation upon the continent of America, were descendants of Joseph, the son of Jacob. And now let us consider this fact in connection with the blessing pronounced upon the head of Joseph by his father Jacob; but before doing so I wish to call attention to the blessings which Moses also pronounced upon the descendants of Joseph just previous to his death; it is recorded in Deuteronomy chapter xxxiii.

"And of Joseph he said; Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that croucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains and for the precious things of the everlasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush, let the blessing come upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren."

It will be observed both in this blessing pronounced upon Joseph by Moses and in the one given him of Jacob, that special stress is laid upon the excellent

† John x, 16.

character of the land to be inhabited by Joseph. Jacob said his own blessings had prevailed (i.e. were more extended, more excellent) above the blessings of his progenitors, unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills—his inheritance was to be more extended than that given to his progenitors, and all those blessings he gave unto Joseph, and his land was to be blessed with the blessings of heaven and earth; with blessings of the breast and of the womb. While Moses tells us that his land shall be blessed with the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, with the precious things of the everlasting hills, with the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof. All this leads us to believe that the land to be inhabited by the descendants of Joseph is to be a rich, fruitful and therefore a choice land; more excellent than that given to his brethren.

Now look, I pray you, upon the continent of America, north and south. Consider its varied climate, embracing as it does the torrid zone near the center of it, and then extending to the frigid zones north and south. Think of its vast wealth and variety of fruits and flowers, grains and vegetables; the bread fruits, figs, limes, oranges, bananas, pine apples, dates, rice, maize and other fruits and vegetables of the tropics too numerous to enumerate; and with them remember the hardier fruits and grains and vegetation of the colder climates. Call to mind the mighty forests, inhabited by an infinite variety of birds and beasts. Remember its extensive plains, the Llanos of the South and the great rolling prairies and plains of the North, capable of sustaining innumerable herds of sheep and cattle and horses. Forget not the precious things of the chief mountains, the wealth of the everlasting hills—the gold, the silver, the lead, the copper, the iron, the inexhaustible coal fields, the underground petroleum lakes, the precious stones. Think of the great rivers that afford easy entrance into the interior of this mighty continent—the great high-ways of commerce; view from the mountain tops the splendid harbors which abound along the shores;

remember the fruitful seas surrounding this blessed continent, and, as all these things are called to mind, tell me, is not the land of Joseph blessed with the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof? With the precious fruits brought forth by the sun and the precious things of the everlasting hills, and with the precious things of the deep?

But not only were the descendants of Joseph to be blessed with a goodly land, and an abundance of the good and precious things of the earth, but they were to be blessed also with the "precious things of heaven;" according to Moses, and according to Jacob Joseph was to be helped by the God of his father, who would bless him with the "blessings of heaven above." What may more appropriately be regarded as "blessings of heaven above," the "precious things of heaven" than the revelations of God, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ? Surely nothing! And according to the Book of Mormon the descendants of Joseph on the continent of America had both. They carried with them from Jerusalem the writings of Moses and the prophets whom the Lord raised up to Israel up to the time of their departure for America. Further more, the Lord sent prophets among them to teach them the way of truth, to admonish them of their sins, to warn them of approaching calamity when their iniquity required the chastening hand of Almighty God to correct it, that peradventure some would repent. Then after his resurrection the Son of God came among them, taught them the fulness of the Gospel and organized his Church in their midst—truly then the descendants of Joseph were blessed with the "precious things of heaven," and they preserved the words of their prophets and teachings of the Messiah in their records; and these things, in part, have come to us in the Book of Mormon.

Again, the family of Lehi was but a part and a very small part of the descendants of Joseph; the greater number of his descendants remained in Judea until, in connection with the ten tribes, and forming a part of that body of people,

they were led away. But when Lehi and his colony left Jerusalem and planted themselves in America, the figure used by Jacob in blessing Joseph, was completed—Joseph was indeed “a fruitful bough by a well whose branches ran over the wall.” And though the great nations which sprang into existence on the American continent, consisting in the main of his posterity, have been destroyed, and broken up, until nothing is left of them but a few wandering tribes and the ruins of their once grand civilization—still many millions of them have been very faithful to the Lord and his truth in the days of their probation, and have doubtless died with a lively hope of a glorious resurrection.

Thus in very many particulars the blessing of Joseph has been realized by his posterity upon the land given to them of the Lord—the continent of America—both north and south. And if any one should doubt the truth of what is here stated; if he should regard the Book of Mormon as being untrue, and insist that the aborigines of America are not the descendants of Joseph, then we may ask when, where, and in what way have the blessings pronounced upon the head of Joseph been fulfilled.

But what seems singular in connection with these promises made to Joseph and the account of their partial fulfilment in a portion of his posterity inhabiting America is, that after the nations, composed largely of his descendants, had been destroyed and other peoples from Europe—among whom, however, were also large numbers of the descendants of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim*—had taken possession of the land, at the real establishment of that government which is destined to shape the destiny of the great continent of America—the land of Joseph—the very first executive chosen for that nation when being sworn to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of this land which God had inspired men to

frame, he placed his hand upon the very page of the bible containing the blessing pronounced upon the head of Joseph by the patriarch Jacob, and kissed it in token that he swore by God's holy word that he would preserve inviolate the constitution which God prepared for this land.

Will men call this merely coincidence? Strange coincidence indeed it is, if that be all that it is. Observe that the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis is near the very first leaves of the Bible, and in laying the book open upon a velvet cushion for the use of one to be sworn, it would naturally be parted near the middle of the volume and not parted at the first few leaves.

Let others believe all this to be coincidence if they choose, but for my own part there is too much that is significant to assign it to that class of phenomena so conveniently disposed of by calling them coincidents. And I believe that the men who opened the old masonic bible at the page containing the blessing of Joseph were unwittingly prompted by the powers of heaven, and it heralded an era big with promise for the descendants of Joseph,—the establishment of a grand government under which they would eventually attain to the full enjoyment of all that was pronounced upon their great progenitor by the inspired patriarchs Jacob and Moses.

B. H. Roberts.

SAVED BY AN IMPRESSION.

THE following story comes to hand through a contemporary that regards it as authentic:

This gentleman is a Liverpool merchant. One evening, some few years ago, he had occasion to return from Harrogate to Liverpool by the five o'clock express. At a certain station where the line branched off, the Liverpool passengers had to change carriages.

With mind intent on business, Mr. Marshall (only Marshall is not his name) was quickly making his way to the other end of the train, when he found himself seized with a violent but unaccountable aversion to enter it. Amazed, he said to himself, “What's up now?” Common

* “The very great majority of the patriarchal blessings given to the Latter-day Saints so far, proclaims them to be the descendants of Joseph through his son Ephraim ”

sense answered not a word; but there stronger still, was the horror of the train.

"Come, come," he said to himself, "this will never do! If I give way to such nonsense as this, may as well give up at once."

But the strange feeling—as new to him as it was strange—became well nigh overpowering. However, with a strong effort, he again endeavored to free himself from it; shouted at the porter to bring his luggage, and turned resolutely to enter a carriage. When he attempted to enter the carriage door, his hand on the handle, the repugnance grew so strong that he felt, so to speak, as if dragged back by an invisible power.

"What must he do?" The perplexed man had scarcely time to ask himself the question when there came a suggestion to his mind to pay a visit to a friend—forgotten until that moment—who lived in the neighborhood.

"You may do a stroke of business with him," whispered the thought, "and still be in time to catch a later train."

Strange, again, and unaccountable was the feeling of exceeding great relief which he experienced, as, letting the train steam on its way without him, he turned from the station to seek his friend's house, and essay the "stroke of business" which should dispose him to forgive himself for the hour's delay in his journey.

His disgust may be imagined when, on reaching his friend's house after a fatiguing walk, it was only to learn of his absence from town.

Thinking now ruefully of his lost hour, and of his newly discovered expensive weakness of yielding to fancies, he returned to the station just as a Liverpool train was about to start. He entered an unoccupied carriage, and, overcome by a sensation of weariness, he drew down the blind, and was fast asleep almost as soon as his journey began.

On and on he slept, and only when the train stopped at Miles Platting did he awake. He drew out his watch, and to his intense amazement found it was midnight—three hours behind the time at which the train was due.

He called the guard. "My good fellow," he said, "what does this mean—this delay?"

The man looked at him with grave surprise.

"Why, sir," he asked, in a strange, hushed tone, "don't you know? This train is taking on the dead and wounded. We had to pick them up on the way, that's why we're so late."

"Good God! the dead and wounded? What do you mean?"

"Did you not know of the accident to the five express from Harrogate?" said the guard, his look of surprise deepening. "We thought some of the dead passengers were in this carriage, sir, seeing the blinds down, or I am afraid you would have been disturbed long since."

Heartsick, he fell back upon the seat.

"The remembrance of that moment's shock," said he in relating to us the story, "will never, I think, fade from my mind. Before me, like lightning, flashed the experiences of the past few hours. The strong aversion to going on in that ill-fated train; the almost sensible touch of a withholding hand, when, in spite of the repugnance, I was about to enter the carriage; then the sudden recollection of a forgotten friend and the resolution to pay that fruitless visit to his house—these singular causes had saved me, in all probability, from the fate which had befallen so many of my fellow-passengers."

If you be nettled with severe raillery, take care never to show that you are stung, unless you choose to provoke more.

We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lighted.

GREAT WOMEN.—Fortunately (says a writer in the *Pall Mall Budget*), in attempting to select the twelve greatest women of the world, no comparison with the opposite sex is necessary. A really great woman must not only have largely benefited the life or influenced the thought of her own country, but she

must have left some permanent memorial or trace of her work for the cool judgment of posterity. Thus, no actress, however great, even a Mrs. Siddons or a Rachel, could be included among the greatest women, as her art dies with her. From that point of view I venture to draw up the following list as fairly rep-

resentative of feminine greatness in all ages:

Women of action: Semiramis, Queen Esther, Maria Theresa, Catharine II. of Russia, Isabella of Castile, Joan of Arc.

Women of intellect: Sappho, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, George Sand, George Eliot, Margaret Fuller.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

PURSUANT to a call of the General Superintendency, a meeting of the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. was held in the Fourteenth Ward Society Hall, Friday evening, April 5th. Apostle Moses Thatcher, of the General Superintendency, and Elders Junius F. Wells, M. H. Hardy and Rodney C. Badger, assistants, besides representatives from the following Stakes, were present: Box Elder, Cache, Bannock, Juab, Parowan, Salt Lake, Snowflake, St. Joseph, Utah and Weber. After Singing prayer was offered by Elder M. H. Hardy.

Elder Wells stated the object of the meeting. Report blanks and a circular from the General Superintendency were ready for distribution. The officers were instructed to have these blanks returned to the General Secretary by May 20th. It was desirable to appoint committees for arrangement, programme and entertainment for the annual Conference to be held in Salt Lake City, June 1 and 2, 1889.

The committees were appointed as follows:

On Arrangement—Junius F. Wells, Rodney C. Badger, Edward H. Anderson. On Programme—Milton H. Hardy, Geo. H. Brimhall, W. S. Burton, L. R. Martineau, Chas. Kelly. On Entertainment—Superintendent Joseph H. Felt and Counselors, and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association officers of the Salt Lake Stake.

After discussing some important measures pertaining to the Conference and associations, the meeting adjourned, prayer being offered by Elder Orson Smith.

NOTICE.

The annual conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. will convene in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Saturday morning, June 1st. Meetings will be held on Saturday at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., and on Sunday, June 2nd, at 10 a. m., 2 p. m. and 8 p. m.

The committees of arrangements, programme and entertainment have already been employed preparing for the occasion.

The railways entering Salt Lake City will issue round trip tickets from all points at regular conference rates, good going May 31 and June 1 and 2, and good returning until and including June 5.

The musical exercises of the conference will be under the management of Evan Stephens, musical director of the associations, and will be varied and interesting in character.

The committee on entertainment will be prepared to receive and locate in comfortable quarters every visiting member who may come to the city, and who is not already provided for. To avoid confusion and imposition it is requested that the officers of each association accompany the members and that they inform Joseph H. Felt, chairman of the entertainment committee, as soon as practicable of the probable number that will come and need accommodations. In the absence of officers a line should be given visiting members to identify them as such. It is desired to accommodate every member of the associations coming to conference, but this provision is thought wise to avoid being imposed upon by strangers who have no claim upon the hospitality of the people.

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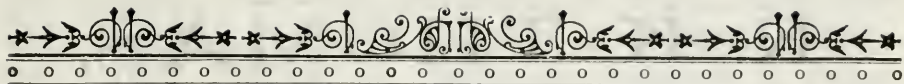
EXPENDITURES, 1888, \$1,567,810.00.

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Have paid Seventy Million Dollars for losses during
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ASSETS, - - \$5,750,080.47. Policy Holders' Surplus, - - \$3,483,982.59.

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NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York.

CASH CAPITAL,	-	-	\$	500,000
CASH ASSETS,	-	-	-	2,360,135
LOSSES PAID,	-	-	over	12,000,000

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GERMAN-
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Cash Capital,	-	-	-	\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets,	-	-	-	5,388,532.00
Surplus,	-	-	-	3,243,985.00

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Full Line of these Superior Goods carried by

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STATEMENT OF The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1888.

Total Assets,	\$126,082,153 56
Increase in Assets,	\$7,275,301 68
Surplus at four per cent.,	\$7,940,063 62
Increase in Surplus,	\$1,645,622 11
Policies in force,	158,369
Increase during year,	17,426
Policies written,	32,606
Increase during year,	10,301
Risks assumed,	\$103,214,261 32
Increase during year,	\$33,756,792 95
Risks in force,	\$482,125,184 36
Increase during year,	\$54,496,251 85
Receipts from all sources,	\$26,215,932 52
Increase during year,	\$3,096,010 06
Paid Policy-Holders,	\$14,727,550 22

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Bonds and Mortgages,	\$49,617,874 02
United States and other securities,	\$48,616,704 14
Real Estate and Loans on collateral,	\$21,786,125 34
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	\$2,813,277 60
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, Etc.,	\$3,248,172 46
	\$126,082,153 56

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884.	\$34,681,420.	\$351,789,385.	\$4,743,771
1885.	46,507,139.	368,981,441.	5,012,634
1886.	56,832,719.	393,809,203.	5,643,568
1887.	69,457,468.	427,628,933.	6,294,442
1888.	103,214,261.	482,125,184.	7,940 663

NEW YORK, January 23, 1889.

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